

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



SLOGAN REPRESENTATIVES

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ALUMNAE REPRESENTATIVE: Ainslie McMichael.

CALENDAR 1945-46

Sept. 12th—School re-opened.	Dec. 16th—Carol Service.
Sept. 14th—Clan Games.	Dec. 19th—School Closed.
Sept. 19th—Portia White.	Jan. 10th—School re-opened.
Sept. 21st—Picnic—Farm.	Jan. 12th—Marian Anderson.
Oct. 3rd—B. Ball Old Girls vs. * Present.	Jan. 18th—Skating Party.
Oct. 5th—Thanksgiving Week- end.	Jan. 20th—"Pilgrim's Progress"
Oct. 10th—Rev. Maurice Flint * (speaker, morning prayer service.)	Jan. 28th—Heifitz.
Oct. 11th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.	Jan. 30th—Alex. Templeton.
Oct. 15th.—B. Ball, St. Clements vs. B.H. "The Student Prince"	Feb. 1st—The Dance.
Oct. 18th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. B.S.S.	Feb. 3rd—Bible Society.
Oct. 19th—Ramabai.	Feb. 9th—Hockey—Maple Leaf Gardens.
Oct. 23rd—B. Ball H.L.C. vs. B.H.	Feb. 10th—Madame Faltaczek.
Oct. 24th—Installation of Pre- fects.	Feb. 15th—Week-end.
* Oct. 26th—Masquerade.	Feb. 22nd—B. Ball, at Maple Leaf Gardens. U.T.S. "Henry IV".
Oct. 30th—B. Ball, St. Clements vs. B.H.	Mar. 1st—Form II Pleys.
Nov. 2nd—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.	Mar. 3rd — Miss Jenkins. I.V.C.F.
Nov. 2nd—B. Ball, B.H. vs. St. Clements.	Mar. 7th—Oscar Peterson.
Nov. 9th—Form V plays.	Mar. 7th—Opera Singers.
Nov. 13th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.	Mar. 15th—Week-end.
Nov. 19th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. St. Clements.	Mar. 22nd—Form I plays.
Nov. 22nd—Jennie Tourel	Mar. 27th—Professor Lennox.
Nov. 23rd—"Rose Marie"	Apr. 5th—Senior Operetta.
Nov. 30th—Ice Capades.	Apr. 10th—School closed.
Dec. 2nd—Dr. Fish.	Apr. 23rd—School re-opened.
Dec. 3rd—Baltimore Orchestra.	Apr. 30th—Gym Display.
Dec. 14th—Christmas Dinner.	May 4th—Alumnae Dinner.
	May 10th—Sr. Swimming Meet.
	May 14th—Jr. Swimming Meet.
	May 24th—Long Week-end.
	May 25th—Jr. Sports Day.
	May 28th—Sr. Sports Day.
	May 31st—Fashion Show.
	June 7th—Strawberry Festival.
	* June 9th—Graduation Dance.
	June 9th—Closing Service.
	June 11th—Prize Giving.



FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALEXANDER OF TUNIS
Canada's New Governor-General.

EDITORIAL

Exactly one year ago to-day people throughout the world rejoiced over the arrival of V-E Day. The news of victory in Europe was received with mixed emotions, because we realized both how difficult, and yet how promising, the period of transition from war to peace would be.

In Canada, for this time of hope and reconstruction, we are privileged in having as our Governor General, Viscount Alexander, one of the leaders whose strength and foresight led us through the dark days of war to final victory. With great pride we welcomed him to our country with the traditional ceremony in the Senate House, which was attended with much of the pre-war pomp and splendor. During his term of office, may many more pre-war customs and activities be revived, and may many new and beneficial ones replace those which have been outmoded by the war!

In Branksome the year 1945-46 has been marked by the resumption of some traditions and by the introduction of innovations. One of particular interest is the sending of a Branksome girl on the Canadian Youth Group of the Canadian Overseas League to England and Scotland.

We are renewing our connection with Sherborne School by having a Sherborne girl come from England to Branksome for the first time in peace years. We feel it is significant that applications for enrolment are coming in greater numbers than ever before from girls in countries outside Canada.

Our hope is that people everywhere are beginning to realize that there is One World and that future peace and good relations lie only in a spirit of Brotherhood and Sisterhood. A golden opportunity lies ahead of us and, at Branksome, our share of the task is made easy because we are a Cosmopolitan School. Let us uphold our old and new traditions!

THE EDITORS.

Prayer for Peace

Psalm 85

Used by the School as their Psalm for the year

LORD, thou hast been favourable unto Thy land
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.
Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people,
Thou hast covered all their sin.
Thou hast taken away all their wrath:
Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

‘Turn us, O God of our salvation,
‘And cause thine anger toward us to cease.
‘Wilt thou be angry with us for ever?
‘Wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?
‘Wilt thou not quicken us again:
‘That thy people may rejoice in thee?

‘Show us thy mercy, O Lord,
‘And grant us thy salvation.
‘I will hear what God the Lord will speak:
‘For he will speak peace unto his people,
‘And to his saints;
‘But let them not turn again to folly’.

*Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him;
That glory may dwell in our land.*

*Mercy and truth are met together;
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
Truth shall spring out of the earth;
And righteousness shall look down from heaven.*

*Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good;
And our land shall yield her increase.
Righteousness shall go before him;
And shall set us in the way of his steps.*



OUR HEAD GIRL

Appointments

Prefects

HEAD GIRL



Frances Chase

Position: Head girl; Honorary President of Opheleo. Honorary President of Beta Kappa.

You Notice: her sincerity, her ability for leadership; her frank geniality.

She likes: telling her school to be quiet after the whistle blows; eating chocolates in the movies.

Position: President of the Beta Kappa.

You Notice: her energy, her school spirit.

She Likes: gym (especially marching); finger-ing her beautiful kilt; organizing school dances; being lucky; Kay was chosen as one Canadian Representative to go to England last month.



Kay Deacen



Shirley Baker

Positions: Editor of the Slogan; Treasurer of Beta Kappa.

You Notice: her ability in class; shy smile; those pixie glasses.

She Likes: playing the piano for Miss Shaw; taking fourteen subjects.

Position: Library Assistant.

You Notice: her favourite expression; "that is to say".

She Likes: collecting library fines for Miss Shaw, looking wise and profound; being a pillar of the school.



Eileen Stinson



Erica Cruickshank

Position: Chieftain of Douglas Clan.
 You Notice: her accent; her short kilt.
 She Likes: looking out of the window in class;
 asking Miss Claxton questions; being Douglas
 Chieftain; dramatics.

Position: Member of Ophleo.
 You Notice: her brisk efficiency; her smile.
 She Likes: reading more about microbes;
 quieting fifth form in Prayers; Spanish letters
 from home; wearing her summer uniform.



Marian Dugdale



Gina Baker

Positions: Member of Ophleo, member of
 Slogan Committee.
 You Notice: her happy laughter; her friendli-
 ness.
 She likes: talking to Erica; Fellowship.

Positions: Treasurer of the Ophleo; Student
 Symphony Council Representative.

You Notice: her vim and vigour; her music
 books.

She Likes: standing behind first form lines in
 Prayers; asking Miss Sime to explain the part-
 itive "de"; dashing off to the Conservatory.



Barbara Hargraft

Prefects



Mary Barnes

Position: Chieftain of the MacAlpine Clan.
 You Notice: her soft voice; her gay smile.
 She Likes: hunting for members of her Clan;
 playing tennis.

Positions: Head of dish-washers and war-workers brigade; in charge of snap-shots for Slogan.

You Notice: her glossy dark hair.

She Likes: "Newfie—John"—also the U.S.A.; reading; music—the classical kind.



Joan Crosbie



Judy Millar

Positions: President of the Opheleo; President of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship.

You Notice: her demure manner; her short crop.

She likes: to reach her objective in any Opheleo appeal (she always manages it too); Trinidad (home sweet home.)

Position: Secretary of Beta Kappa.

You Notice: her correct speech; her band-box appearance.

She likes: "Newfie" her Native Land; to build castles in the air; studying algebra!



Maureen O'Reilly



THE SUB-PREFECTS

Front Row: J. Ross, E. Wilson, M. Kyle, S. O'Reilly, A. Cawthra.

Second Row: J. Wilkinson, C. Dean, J. Hutcheson, C. Shields, J. Rumley, E. German.

Third Row: B. Chisholm, J. Sinclair, G. Murray, J. Palmer, D. Miller, H. German, P. MacGregor.



THE CLAN CHIEFTAINS

Back Row: A. James, S. Craig, M. Craig, M. Watson.

Front Row: J. Aitken, D. Windeyer, C. Catto, B. Chisholm.

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN

APPOINTMENTS

Head Girl—Frances Chase.

HOUSE PREFECTS

Joan Crosbie, Marion Dugdale, June Miller, Maureen O'Reilly.

DAY PREFECTS

Gina Baker, Shirley Baker, Mary Barnes, Kathleen Deacon, Barbara Hargraft, Aileen Stinson.

SUB-PREFECTS—(House)

Judith Palmer, Joan Rumley, Eleanor Wilson,
Joan Ross, Sheila O'Reilly, Patricia MacGregor,
Catherine Shields, Joan Hutcheson, Doreen Miller,
Gerda Murray, Janet Sinclair.

SUB-PREFECTS—(Day)

Joan Aitken, Diana Beck, Catherine Catto,
Barbara Chisholm, Ann Cawthra, Cynthia Dean,
Margaret Kyle, Mary Watson, Jean Wilkinson,
Elizabeth German, Helen German.

BETTA KAPPA SOCIETY

President—Kathleen Deacon.
Vice-President—Barbara Chisholm.
Secretary—Maureen O'Reilly.
Treasurer—Shirley Baker.

Committee: Diana Beck, Elizabeth German, Joan
Hutcheson, Ruth Mitchell, Joan
Rumley, Joan Southam, Ann
Hargraft.

HIGH NEWS REPRESENTATIVES

Anne Burton, Erica Cruikshank, Peggy Deachman.

CLAN CHIEFTAINS

Scott—Mary Watson.
Campbell—Catherine Catto.
Ross—Joan Aitken.
MacAlpine—Mary Barnes.
MacGregor—Mary Craig.
McLeod—Anne James.
Douglas—Erica Cruikshank.
McLean—Diana Windeyer.

OPHELEO SOCIETY

OFFICERS: June Miller, Gina Baker, Marion
Dugdale, Barbara Hargraft.

COMMITTEE: Gerda Murray, Joan Neilson,
Sheila O'Reilly, Eileen Scott,
Mary Watson, Lorna Tolmie, Ann
Cawthra, Helen German.

I.V.C.F.

President—Gerda Murray.
Vice-President—Gretchen Gaebelein.
Secretary—Jean Reid.

SUB-CHIEFTAINS

Anne Thoburn,
Janice McColl,
Ann Blake,
Barbara Chisholm,
Sally Spence,
Jean Winston,
Sheila Craig,
Catherine Shields.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT—Aileen Stinson.

LIBRARY REPRESENTATIVES:—Joan Neilson, Jane Bankier, Ruth Jennings, Eleanor Wilson,
Judith Godfrey, Jane Keslick, Nancy Edmonson, Louise Walwyn, Susan Leach, Virginia Leishman,
Sandra McLean, Nancy McFarren, Pauline Cole, Irene Farrell.

FORM OFFICERS

President

Form VA—Joan Hutcheson
Form VB—Judith Palmer
Form VSp. (Com.)—Virginia Wood
Form VSp. (H.E.)—Carolyn Massey
Form IVA—Anne James
Form IVB—Antoinette Echlin
Form IVSp.—Janet Saylor
Form IIIA—Evelyn Howden
Form IIIB—Barbara Keeler
Form IIA—Sally McGouirk
Form IIB—Alicia Eager
Form IIC—Margaret Currie
Form IA—Naomi de Langley
Form IB—Joanne Moore

Vice-President

Jean Winston
Elizabeth German
Louise Park
Eleanor Wilson
Catherine Shields
Anne Thoburn
Shirley Dodds
Muriel Joy Stewart
Patricia Currie
Cathleen Cherry
Charmion Boothe
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Sally Langford

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Josephine Williams
Peggy Little
Sally Dalton
Rosemary Hutcheson
Alison Zimmerman
Mary Lou Porter
Frances Fair
Joyce Dibble
Frances Snetsinger

Legamus!



Tradition in My Country

Peru, far to the south, is a land steeped in the folklore of its native people, the scions of the Inca Empire. Down through the ages of domination by the Cuzco monarchs, the Indian vassals were fed on tradition. Their ruler was of supernatural origin, since the founders of the dynasty came out of Lake Titicaca in response to an order from their father Inti, the sun. Thus the sun was their chief deity and was worshipped daily by millions of followers throughout the empire and was brought into every phase of national life. This state of affairs lasted for many centuries and became second nature to all of these American natives.

Then came the conquest, when Pizarro and his Spanish soldiers took advantage of the civil war between Huayna Capac's two sons to subjugate the empire. Thus Spain came to claim all the western half of South America and the Pope duly gave them territorial rights with the condition that the natives be taught the Catholic Religion. Now the Indian brought up for centuries in the belief in the Inca's divinity, was forced to change his creed. This proved to be extremely difficult.

The new Christian saints, for them, became different forms of their ancestral gods. Gradually the distinction between pagan and Christian became less acute as the two intermingled to form a new type of Catholicism. The country on the surface was Christianized, but the old traditions still remained deeply buried in every Peruvian heart. By this time, they no longer constituted a religion, but rather a group or collection of myths, which was looked upon as a great national heritage.

The freedom typified in these ancient stories began to stir up the thoughts of educated people throughout the country and finally incited them to revolt and eventually to achieve independence. They now had a nation in the true sense of the word and in its organization tradition again stepped in. Take as an example the Peruvian flag. It is said that one night the "Liberator," San Martin, saw in a dream, a large flock of red and white sea-birds flying over his camp. As he watched they formed themselves into three bands; two red bands, one on either side of a white band, and in this formation flew out to sea. On awakening, the Liberator felt that this was an indication of what his new country's flag should be. He issued a decree to this effect.

The same influence is noted in the National Anthem. The fortitude and strength of the Indian forbears are extolled although nothing is known directly about these qualities. The inspiration came from the old traditions.

The importance, either conscious or subconscious, given to the legends finds expression even in the present day. The Indian farmer still keeps his Inca holidays although the object of veneration is no longer the sun. The Peruvian child begins the history of his country at an early age by learning about his traditional forbears. Even when he reaches the higher studies of Peruvian literature, he is brought back to the Inca classics. In his studies of more recent works, his chief book will be "Peruvian Traditions," by Ricardo Palma, a collection of stories which have come down through the ages.

Surely Peru is really built on tradition. It forms a chain which binds all Peruvians together with a feeling of pride and unity.

MARION DUGDALE,
Form V.

The Souvenir

The night was clear and cool, the sea slightly choppy due to a rising wind. As the stars appeared, they twinkled approvingly while looking down upon the barren waters, but, had they been able to see below the waves, a different sight would have met their eyes. Fathoms down, in the midst of strange fishes and other marine life, a huge, dark object lay, slim in outline and too motionless to be alive. It was a submarine.

Inside it was hot and oppressive, for the craft had not surfaced for some hours and the crew was restless. They were clean-cut, average looking young men, alert, and trained to the peak. The mate came on with a message from the lieutenant, their senior officer.

"Get a good rest, men; our target won't be along until dawn, and the lieutenant doesn't want a tired crew. In about half an hour coffee will be ready. Try to relax."

There was a small buzz of conversation following the announcement and the sailors went to their bunks. A game of cards started, but the players were unenthusiastic and soon they, too, went to the bunks. A few desultory remarks were made and, after drinking the promised coffee, all were still. A few slept.

Alone in his quarters the lieutenant was nervous and unsettled. Before his men he had kept up a bold front, yet he was anything but their calm and collected commander. It was his first duty in charge of a "sub". He paced the floor, his mind racing over the possibilities that dawn might bring. The target was an unconvoyed enemy ship, presumably a heavy cruiser. Head-quarters had briefed him concerning

his station—the ship was expected to pass very near the submarine's position, sometime around 5.00 A.M. Success would mean the rank of a commander, and, maybe a captaincy, for this was no ordinary mission. He lay down, his mind pondering over success, then failure, until he fell into a fitful sleep.

Some hours later, he awoke hearing a knock upon the door; it was the mate with the information that the time was 4.30 A.M.

"Thanks, Kramer. I'd better look through the periscope, even if it is a bit early. Start to surface; I'll be right with you."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, Kramer, how is the weather?"

"Stander says its choppy, sir, and a slight wind is blowing."

"Very good; the periscope won't show so much. I only hope we'll get a good view of them. That's all."

"Yes, sir."

The lieutenant splashed some water on his face, straightened his uniform, and went outside. He instructed the mate to call the crew, who awoke readily glad that the time for action was near.

Out of the water rose the periscope; the lieutenant eagerly looked through it. The horizon was clear in the early morning light, but, as the small waves rose and fell, something was discernable in the west. He felt cold and numb. Was this it? Was this the heavy cruiser? Was this the target that meant so much to him? The crew sensed something of what he was feeling and became silent. The periscope was turned twice, taking in the whole horizon for a second time. Then the lieutenant ordered the mate to fix a certain position and look for himself. After observing the object, he turned around.

"It appears to be a heavy cruiser, sir, travelling unescorted."

"Here, I'll look again." He looked. "Yes, Kramer, you're right." He turned to his crew. "Men, this is our target. I don't want any mistakes made, for if we complete this mission successfully there'll be bonuses for all. It's a big job; I've got to have all of you behind me. Now, get to your places."

The air was electrified; the quiet commands were given. The torpedo crews could be heard while the mechanical work of sighting, aiming, checking depth, and position went on. At five minutes of five o'clock the cruiser was in range and the submarine ready. The lieutenant had a low voiced conversation with the mate.

"If they've heard our engines, they've not had time to chart our position. If they haven't, then they're totally unawares. Either way, they're unprepared. This is a great mistake of their commanders; a ship of that size cannot safely travel unescorted in these waters. All right, find out if the crew is ready and proceed."

The orders, and their repetitions, by the non-commissioned officers, could be heard echoing. The lieutenant was tense; the torpedo men sweating.

"Check your aim!" "Check your aim!"

"Ready!" "Ready!"

"Torpedo 1, 2, 3!" "Torpedo 1, 2, 3!"

"Fire!" "Fire!"

Through the periscope, the lieutenant watched the proud, arrogant cruiser making her stately way through the waves, when, suddenly, an explosion rocked both "sub" and ship—then another, and another Three towering flames shot into the sky; superstructure crumpled, wreckage was hurled into the air, and the mighty ship sank.



Off for a Canter

With less excitement, the command to surface was given and the thin craft rose through the waves. Boats were launched to pick up any survivors, although the undersea craft had completed its task so thoroughly that the procedure was hardly necessary.

"Be quick about the business, for you never know what might come along," said the lieutenant. He turned to Kramer. "War is hell; what if that were us? Enough, it is kill or be killed. Look! There's the ship's flag. However did it escape being blown to shreds? Get it; a souvenir like that isn't found every day."

Kramer pulled the flag over the side, the flag of the torpedoed enemy ship—the Stars and Stripes.

GRETCHEN GAEBELEIN,
Form V.

THE ROBOT MAID

I was dusting, cleaning, sweeping,
Working hard from morn till even-
ing,

On the front door came a rapping.
Pausing for a moment only,
I left my brooms and left my
dusters.

Walking to the door, and peering
outward,

I spied a brazen, shiny figure,
Standing, gleaming in the sunlight.
Feeling faint, I grabbed the door-
knob,

And stood amazed at this object.
Gathering up my courage slowly
Read its dangling, hanging, label,
"Hope this saves you time and
trouble."

On and on I read the message
Claiming it a useful Robot,
A servant Robot from my mother
For to scrub and scour the wood-
work,

Make the beds and do the cooking,
Beat the rugs and wash the win-
dows,

Clean the cupboards, do the dust-
ing.

Oh, dear Mother, how I thank you
For this badly needed helper!

In I brought it from the doorstep,
Wound the handle, set the gadgets
So to make my bed and tidy
All my room and all my clothing.
I lay down upon my divan
Waiting, watching o'er my Robot,
Working hard throughout my bed-
room.

Resting, dozing, sleeping, dream-
ing,

A thundering, crashing, rumbling,
rolling,

Ripping, crushing, bolting, shak-
ing,

Woke me from my deepest slum-
ber.

I started, stared, and jumping up-
ward,

I dashed towards the vicious mon-
ster,

Tried to stop it from its break-
ing

And destruction of my vases,
Of my pictures; of my tables,
Of my clothes and of my wood-
work.

Picking up my silver hairbrush,
I smote the Robot on the forehead.

Down it fell—the engine stopped;
Out the door I cast the Robot,
For the salvage, for the junkman.

Oh, dear Mother, if you only
Knew how helpful was the Robot
(To the salvage, to the junk-
man!)

I can tell you, I will never
Want to use another Robot.
Never! Never! Never! Never!

BEVERLEY RUSH,
Form IV.

M. Watson: "Hullo, is this the
City Bridge Depart-
ment?"

Answer: "Yes."

M. Watson: "How many points do
you get for a little
slam?"

CUTHBERT CATERMOLE

With steady tread, he roams at
will

From room to room and takes his
fill

Of sweet repose on downy spreads,
And sheds his fur on feather beds.
His piebald fur, grey, white and
brown,

Is wiry fur, not silky down,
And he, a common alley-cat,
When not in quest of mouse or
rat,

Fools not, but plays a haughty role
Befitting Cuthbert Catermole.



Broad in the beam, his shoulders
wide

With bowlegged spread, his feline
stride

Resembles more a bull dog gait
Than any cat less blessed by fate.
Imperious and proud, no fool—
Without degrees he owns the
school.

Oh, why must we both fret and
strain

With French and Spanish, wrack
our brain,

When cats can win in such a role,
As that of Cuthbert Catermole?

MARY CRAIG,
Form IV.

AUTUMN

The trees are aflame with barbar-
ous hue,

Brilliant sunlight drinks up the
dew.

I pick up the leaves as I go past
And rejoice that Autumn is here
at last.

Wind-swept skies are high and
new;

White canvas sails on a sea of
blue;

Arrows of geese in honking flight,
Bugle the coming of Winter's
might.

I stand on a hill in a thoughtful
trance,

Thankful of having this wonderful
chance

To drink in the glories of Autumn's
morn,

And watch new beauties of Nature
born!

ELIZABETH McCARTHY,
Form V.

A WISH

If only I a nymph could be
Then I would go beneath the sea,
I'd walk among the tangled weeds;
From pearls I'd make a string of
beads,

From shells a tiny crown,
And from the foam, a bed of down.

ANNE GODSALL,
Form III.

Black Magic

A bitter wind swept over forest and field. Here and there a stray leaf, torn from an already bare tree, was borne along in the wake of the gale. Tufts of yellow grass bent in patient submission against the earth. Sombre banks of clouds ranged themselves on all sides, forming an impenetrable grey blanket, covering the sky. Outlines of far away hills stood out in blank silhouette, a tracery of wildly waving limbs and branches on their summits. The countryside lay bleak and ravaged.

The wind moaned through the tossing elm trees and swung the weathervane wildly. The gust flung bits of straw in mad arcs and capers across the barnyard. It swung open the partly closed barn door. Dust, dead leaves, pieces of hay, and old newspapers whirled inside.

The horse, spent and disease-ridden, stood weakly in a corner of the stall, head down, legs braced, as if in attempt to thwart the inevitable end. His coat, a lusterless dull black was stretched thinly over the shriveled frame; mane and tail hung lifelessly. The barn door burst open, rattling and banging. The horse started, faltered, and slowly slipped to the ground. Then all was still but for the wind moaning softly outside.

Anyone is sad at the death of a friend—sadder still if that friend is an animal, dependent on one for life and comfort and happiness. The man stood, staring down at the horse, unbelieving. He had known that death must come—gangrene of the lungs, the veterinary had said, shaking his head ominously. He had known that one day, near or far away, he would find the animal lying there, dead. He had known what the reward of long months of fruitless toil against infection would be. And yet he could not believe it. The sightless, sunken eyes, the stiffening limbs; the tangled swirl of the tail; the huge helpless blackness of the body lying in a tumbled heap on the golden straw—all seemed like a fantasy, frightening, but unreal.

Memories floated before him . . . the little colt in the meadow, bucking, and shying at clumps of yellow, waving buttercups . . . sunlight gleaming on the pitchy-dark coat . . . his pricked ears, flaring nostrils, and proud spirited carriage . . . the joyous gallops after hounds . . .

the arrival home, windblown and tired . . . the soft, friendly, nicker of comradeship . . . and then the long sickness, the infection . . . and now—death.

In the dim light he could read the name plate over the horse's stall. "Black Magic," it said. "Black Magic," repeated the man slowly. It would take more than that now . . . "Black Magic" He looked at the dead horse, sprawled weirdly on the ground, legs askew, neck twisted. "Nothing can save you now . . ." a meaningless laugh. "Good only for the glue factory." A grim joke it was! this horse, his friend, immortalized by a bottle of glue! The man laughed again, a little woodenly. The raw, chilling wind moaned and sighed outside. It began to rain.

The clouds, as if drawn by some invisible hand, closed over the earth. Rain tore and lashed the land. At intervals lightning pierced the gloom; thunder broke the ghostly stillness.

The man, driving fiercely, was indifferent to the raging of the elements which washed the country on all sides. Behind him, in the truck, the great bulk of the black horse slipped and lurched as they sped onwards over almost impossible roads. The rain splashed against the windshield, and ran down in sheets of rippling water. The gale howled past the windows. . . . "Nothing can save you now!" wind and water beat out and screamed. . . . "Nothing can save you now!" they shouted in ridicule. A shaft of lightening rent the sky, mocking him. The man bowed his head, insensible to all but the fateful words, pounding, surging, bursting through his head, written, seared, as with a red-hot iron, before his eyes

The truck hit the telephone post at full speed; but the noise of the crash was deadened by thunder. A second streak tore through the heavens, lighting up the wreckage. In the van, the black hulk of the horse had slid up against the backboard in a grotesque heap and remained there, quivering.

In the cab, a figure lay crumpled over the steering-wheel. The broken windshield, cracked, and spattered with blood, told its tale. Through it the man stared with unseeing eyes. He was quite dead.

ANNE BURTON,
Form IV.

Woman with a Candle

"This painting, ladies and gentlemen, is the original work of de Prsto, donated by Lord Bendal in 1860. It is entitled *Landscape of California* and is considered one of his finest works." The straggling group of onlookers round the art-gallery quide were bored. A few walked away. One or two polite ones remarked, "How delightful!" or "Is that so?" The guide moved on to the next picture.

"And this, ladies and gentlemen, is a most remarkably beautiful piece of work. The artist is unknown. Note how lifelike, how finely done it is. Note how the eyes follow one round the room when one moves." The group obediently "moved" and, true enough, it was amazingly human. Entitled simply *Woman with a Candle*, it was the portrait of a beautiful, dark-haired woman with a heavy wrap drawn round her shoulders. A lighted candle was in her hand, the fitful light of which threw into bold relief her fine features and the folds of her gown. Her narrow white fingers tapered into long nails and her position was graceful and poised, but what struck one immediately, and lingered after in one's memory, were her weird, staring eyes. Their colour was not clear, but there was a little ring of white around them lending an expression of terror, and giving a touch of mystery to the whole picture. The sight-seers were very impressed and paused to wonder before moving on. One man remained, gazing at the portrait as if puzzled, amazed. He was a thin, foreign-looking man, with his hat drawn down. A jagged, white scar ran down one cheek. For a moment he stood rapt, motionless in front of the picture. "Strange, . . . strange," he muttered, shaking his head, and quickened his pace to join the guide, who was now pointing out the merits of a still-life painting.

That night the watchman at the art gallery was confronted by the stranger.

"I left my umbrella here this morning," he said. "Would you let me in so that I can get it?"

"Why can't you come in the morning?" grumbled the sleepy watchman, but nevertheless, he took out his great bunch of keys and opened the door. He paused, with the flashlight pointed on the man's face. "Tell me as soon as you come out, see? I'll be right here. No funny stuff, mind you!"

Petri, for that was the foreigner's name, entered, and with no difficulty found his umbrella. He was turning to go when he remembered the picture—the picture of the dark woman. As if by a magnet, his footsteps were drawn down the dark echoing hall, up the three steps. He switched on the light and approached the portrait. *Woman with a*

Candle—author unknown—so said the little label beneath. It was just as he remembered. It filled him with amazement, as it had that morning. But this time he did not wonder; he was sure. That heavy, silky hair, the long tapering fingers, but most of all, those weird, crazy eyes—it was she—it was Marie d'Artise—it was the woman he had murdered!

It had been very long ago, and now the wound was healed. He had loved her, but she had found out his secret—and that could not be. Gazing at the picture, he thought of that eventful night when he had approached her. "Marie, you know what I have to say. You are the only one who had found out. You must die. It will be very rapid." Her eyes had been dark and wild then, and she cried out as his fingers closed round her slim, white throat. "Oh, Petri, you will be so sorry!" Then those eyes were closed—forever. Forever? But here they were, lifelike and terrified, staring down at him. Bah! He should not try to remember that night.

He snapped out the light and turned to go, finding his way by the street-light, which shone through the window. Then something happen-



THE FORM PRESIDENTS

*Front Row: S. McGouirk, A. James, B. Keeler, J. Palmer, A. Eager,
N. deLangley, C. Massey.*

*Back Row: E. Howden, J. Hutcheson, V. Wood, J. Moore, A. Echlin,
J. Saylor, P. Currie.*

ed that stopped him dead in his tracks. The picture turned its eyes and watched him. His heart pounded in his ears. Nausea filled him. It was no trick of the eye. The portrait had moved. Fascinated, he watched it. The candle in the hand was glowing with a real light flickering now as a gust of wind came in through the window. Then the woman turned her head, pursed her lips and blew out the flame. The darkness closed round him in a sudden wave, but he could see the woman put her hand against the frame and move towards him out of the canvas. He was rooted to the spot. He could not scream, could not run. The apparition dropped the candle stick, but it made no noise. She was close to him. She raised her hands, and suddenly swooped at him, her ghastly eyes staring. He staggered back with her cold hand tightening on his throat, her long nails cutting deep into his flesh. He clutched at her gown but there was nothing there. As he let out a strangled cry she seemed to smile. "It will be very rapid," she whispered. He could not get his breath. Darkness was welling up round him and the room was reeling dizzily. The two staring eyes were the last things he saw as he sunk into crushing, agonizing nothingness.

They found Petri in the morning, lying strangled and bloody on the floor of the art gallery. There was no clue, no foot-prints save his own. It was not until a week later, when the guide was once more taking a group of sight-seers around the gallery, that an observant individual remarked upon something curious about *The Woman with the Candle*, artist unknown. Her candle had gone out, and her long pointed nails were bloody.

ROSALIND WILLIAMS,
Form III.

Meet the Atomics

Presented by the Branksome Broadcasting System

- ANNOUNCER: The makers of "Smoke Screen" cigarettes present "The Atomic Family," the story of an average Canadian family, facing the trials of the times with patience and courage. We shall hear more of the "Atomics" in a minute, but first, here is Zeke . . .
- ZEKE: Does smoking irritate your throat? Does it make you cough? Does it make your eyes water? It doesn't? Well, you haven't tried "Smoke Screens!"

"Smoke Skreens" are guaranteed to have the blackest and thickest smoke of all cigarettes. And if you like to make smoke rings, "Smoke Skreens" are for you, because the smoke from these *wonderful* cigarettes is *soooo* thick that it is practically solid, and therefore the rings stay round and firm. Another desirable feature of "Smoke Skreens" is that if you wish to get rid of a visitor, you have only to take a puff of a "Smoke Screen," and we guarantee that the visitor will leave immediately! Try a package of these *marvellous* cigarettes today, and I am sure that you will never be satisfied with any other brand.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Zeke. And now—back to our story. Yesterday, you remember, we left Cosmic Atomic in the hospital under the care of his uncle, Doctor X-ray Atomic, who was plotting to kill his nephew because his father's brother-in-law's wife's first husband had left a fortune to Cosmic, and nothing to his own son, Alpha. As our scene opens, we



Successful?

find X-ray preparing the instruments, with which he is about to operate on Cosmic.

X-RAY: Let me see—which one of these is sharper. I wonder if I should kill him immediately, or make it a slow death.

(A knock is heard at the door)

Come in. Oh, hello, Uranium.

UR. ATOMIC: Hello X-ray,—how's my son? The nurse said his temperature had gone down to 100.2.

X-RAY: You must have made a mistake. It is 100.1.

X-RAY: (Raising his voice) No. It's 100.2!

UR. ATOMIC: (Also raising his voice) 100.1!

X-RAY: (Yelling) *I said it was 100.2 and I'm right.*

ANNOUNCER: (Flying into a rage) You're crazy! It's 100.1!

UR. ATOMIC: We now leave X-ray and Uranium Atomic, and turn to a scene in a small house on Cannibal Street—a nice quiet little street—the home of Uranium Atomic. In the little kitchen, his wife, Mrs. Violet Atomic, is having some trouble with her oven. Her daughter, Beta, is standing watching with bated breath.

VIOLET: (In a sudden burst of rage) Why didn't Uranium have this oven fixed when I told him to! I knew this would happen. Wait until he gets home! I'll divorce him!

BETA: But mother, you can't divorce him *again*. You've already done it six times!

VIOLET: (In a snappy voice) Seven times.

BETA: NO mother, that was your other husband.

VIOLET: (Screamingly) Seven times!

(A loud crash is heard as Gamma Atomic rushes in, followed by Delta Atomic)

GAMMA: We broke Mr. Volcano's window, and he's chasing us!

DELTA: With a shot gun!

ANNOUNCER: Is Cosmic Atomic's temperature 100.1 or 100.2? Will Violet divorce Uranium? Has she divorced him six or seven times? Will the oven work? Will Mr. Volcano shoot Gamma and Delta? If there is anything left of your radio when this programme is over, tune in again tomorrow, some time, some station, to find out the answers to these vital questions. We will then present another episode in the life of those *nice, quiet* people, the Atomics.

ZEKE:

This is Zeke Chimpanzee signing off for "Smoke Skreens," those wonderful cigarettes with that *delightful* aroma that simply knocks you out! "The Atomics," was written especially for radio by Theodore Bombshell. We'll see you tomorrow. Until then—Goodbye.

JUDY SHOEBOTTOM,
Form III.

Nocturne

Too tired even to eat Peg and I crawled into our sleeping bags just at dusk. Thirty miles! We decided belatedly that it had been far too great an undertaking for the first day of our canoe trip.

We had made camp on a small island in Lake Singing Waters. A graceful fringe of silver lace which the evergreens made on the western shore contrasted with the majestic forms of the Hillory mountains, silent witnesses to centuries of beauty, on the east.



At the School Farm

The water lapped against the rocky shore of the island and, together with the scent of pines and blueberries, it lulled our senses into a trance

The goddess of night stepped shimmering along the ridge of evening. On the highest mountain peak she stopped—the most exquisite being I had yet seen or visioned. Her hair was like a calm sea at midnight and her hands like delicate carvings of purest wax. The gown which shrouded her graceful form in vapoury whiteness might have been fashioned from baby clouds at dusk, so soft and light it seemed.

From a silver pitcher she poured the moonlight which filled an ebon world with golden radiance. Taking a sparkling needle in her hands she pricked a million pin-holes in the sky. Points of light danced on the velvet blackness of the lake beneath.

As her lovely form faded into obscurity she threw a silver kiss to the world and the symphony of the night began. It surged from clammy coves in the depths of the waters and soared to the silver summits of the mountains. Even its crescendos blended with the quiet of the night, for when they ceased momentarily the silence became so profound that the air seemed to have lost its power of conveying sounds.

Presently a lighter theme crept into the music and a small light began to bob up and down above the eastern horizon. As it neared the earth I could perceive that it illuminated the wizened face of a very old man. His small, wiry frame was bent almost double by the weight of paint pots and brushes suspended from a yoke across his shoulders, but there were centuries of happiness etched upon his countenance. He was setting out for the morning ritual of his eternal task of keeping the flowers' colours clear and bright.

Just as he reached the eastern horizon, the painter tripped on a silver ribbon stretched between two mountains. His lovely colours flowed across the sky in a mad profusion of colour. With one loud chord the music fell silent. The whole world seemed standing on tip-toe, breathless and dumb.

"Lazy bones sleeping in the sun,

How do you think we'll ever get the days work done?"

Peg's hoarse chant, very much off-key, transported me to reality. Wriggling half way out of my sleeping bag, I hurled a convenient pine cone in her general direction.

As we sat on a rocky point eating our breakfast, the sparkling "Singing Waters" and the purple Hillory mountains beckoned enticingly to us.

CAROL HENDERSON,
Form IV.

Feast on Two Burners

As the sun completed its downward curve and buried its face for another day in choppy blue and white St. Lawrence river, the sailing craft "Lotus" anchored for the night. The surrounding country was serene and peaceful, but aboard the "Lotus" confusion reigned. On board the clatter of pots and pans was mingled with a profusion of nautical oaths. This was the moment for which ration books had been mutilated, grocers had been coaxed and butchers flattered. For now a meal, nay, not a meal, a feast was to be created.

The captain of the three man crew leaned against his tiller, his hat cocked at a jaunty but somewhat weary angle, and roared out instructions and criticisms. The greater part of these were ignored by the crew, which strove and laboured mightily in the galley. Cartons were unpacked, bags unearthed and cans discovered in various unlikely places. At last the pre-culinary arrangements had been made. All that remained was to light the stove, cook and devour the meal. Then the two galley slaves would lounge in luxurious comfort while the captain did the dishes.

To the unknowing landlubber preparing a meal may seem comparatively simple, but alas, the sea-going or nautical stove does not consist of a system of ingenious buttons that turn on harmless electric coils. On the galley stove, it is found necessary to provide a certain degree of pressure. The above pressure must be provided by a series of small hand pumps. If the pressure is too high, the galley becomes thoroughly seared and the cook becomes as well done as the steaks. If the pressure is too low the results are far less dramatic—in fact, nothing happens. Thus it might be ascertained by the discerning reader that a great deal of precision and experience is necessary in the art of nautical cookery. Unfortunately these requirements were not among the many attainments of the crew of the "Lotus."

The stove fizzled—the stove exploded! The once neat and compact galley became blackened and charred. Potatoes floated about in the bilge, pots were blasted over the side into the depths, and various cans of vegetables were mixed with the guilty coal oil. The first cook, recoiling from the shock of the explosion, reached behind her for support. Unfortunately raw steak on a slippery board does not afford the best of support! Cook number two beat a timely but unpremeditated retreat to the wash room.

The reader might at this point think the crew of the "Lotus" would become discouraged. This was the case. Vows in blood were taken on

the spot; never again under any circumstances would they attempt to cook another meal aboard.

At this particular moment the captain of the crew entered, fresh from an invigorating swim and enquired as to the source of the delay. Mutiny is a strong word but compared to what ensued, it lacks vigour and force. The captain's personality, the desirability of the boat, and the slave labour problem were gone into to great and most uncomplimentary lengths.

The captain was a man of discretion. Did he drive his mutinous crew below, did he threaten them in the time honoured manner? He did not. With diplomacy born of long acquaintance our commanding officer suggested a meal ashore.

In a time too short to mention, Mother, Dad and yours truly were entering the hotel to do irreparable damage to the best on the menu.

JEANNE GARROW,
Form III

A Good Day's Hunt

The stable smells fresh—the air's snappy to-day;
The horses are stomping and sniffing their hay.
In a moment the master walks in. At last
He jumps on his hunter, "*White Gallant*," so fast.

The horses are prancing and sniffing the air;
One shies at old "Bellman" and young "Lady Fair".
The huntsman cries "Come on! Away let us go!
For there's a fox to be hunted, come rain, or come snow!"

The old hounds start casting, the young hounds run gay—
"Yoo-ee," cries the huntsman, "over there, he's away!"
Old "Bellman" gives tongue, and the field follows after—
Even Josephas Gray on his horse, "Happy Laughter!"

Over jumps, over creeks, over ditches and hollows,
Over fence, over hedges, and sand dunes they follow;
First a check, then away again, over and through—
The fox dodges and tries all the tricks he can do.

"He can't last much longer," the master says now.
 "We've been going six hours—to the hounds he must bow."
 But still the tired horses steadily pound,
 'Till at last there's a break—"he's gone right to ground!"

The hounds are all raging in front of his den;
 There is grunting and cussing from master and men.
 "Bring the terrier! Do something!" they earnestly plead;
 "We can't leave it like this;" the huntsmen concede.



Time Out!

They send for the farmer, a round jolly man;
 He brings the terrier in a little green van.
 "Rob" snuffles and burrows; The field gives a shout,
 "Good little fellow! He's dragged the fox out!"

Mask and brush, to the foremost pair in the field;
 "Blooding" to newcomers who reluctantly yield;
 To leave at the last, there's a feeling of sorrow;
 But 'twas an adventure to talk of to-morrow.

SHIRLEY MANN,
 Form I.

The Ultimate

The Condemned

The gray light of early morning seeped through the high, narrow slit of a window which lit his prison cell. Its dreary light was almost as unbearable as the enveloping darkness of the night he had thought would never end. In the space of one sleepless night he had reviewed his entire brief existence. Every emotion, each fear, hope and dream had faded into the material world of memories, this, now, was reality. His senses were dulled, he went limp at the thought of what he must face that morning. Into the few hours of life he had left he must cram thoughts of happier days—happy, sad, gay and silly, pitiful fragments of a broken life. He must treasure each memory, and force away this overpowering consciousness of the Verdict. He would try to forget that in a few hours they would take him away to be executed for a murder he had not committed. He fought against a bitter hatred towards the unknown guilty man in whose place he must die.

He wondered if his wife would be allowed to say goodbye, if she would come. It would be hard to die without a last memory of her. A wave of depression settled upon him.

The Guilty

There was another sleepless man in the city that night. Even a man sunk low in crime has a semblance of a conscience, even a murderer. For this was the guilty man, facing a decision.

He lit another cigarette with shaking fingers. He was no coward, that was impossible in his business. His carefully constructed plan had miscarried, now another life, that of an innocent man, was at stake.

It was almost daylight now. The misty gray sky was fused with a rosy glow. Here in his apartment he was safe from everything but his conscience. If he left the building and found himself on the street, could he stop himself from making his way, eventually, to confess his crime?

He must not drive himself into such a state. He must get away before his nerves snapped. Perhaps a few months abroad—he must make some arrangements immediately. He flung himself onto the bed and slept.

When he awoke it was mid-morning. There was no doubt in his mind now as to what he must do. He dressed slowly and fortified him-

self with a strong drink. He placed his hat carefully on his head and remembered to lock the door carefully after him.

He was out on the street. Ahead of him was the city hall. Now he was crossing the street.

The Woman

She, too, had watched nervously for the dawn. It was her husband who must die that day for a crime she knew him incapable of committing. Her mental agony was intensified by the thought of the ordeal she must face that morning.

It was time to leave now, to say goodbye to her husband—forever. In a few hours he would be only a memory. She would have to go on living alone.

She flung a coat over her shoulders and hurried outside. A moment later, seated in her small convertible she was speeding through the city. She drove mechanically, nerveless now, numbly limp.

There must be no tears at this, their last moments together. She remembered other goodbyes, sad but not heartbreaking. Somewhere there must be a guilty man! She wished she could hate him, yet all emotion in her was dead now. They must let her see her husband. She drove faster.

She was driving past the city hall. She did not see the man crossing the street. His walk was slow, deliberate, his eyes were fastened on the bleak symmetrical pile of stone ahead of him. She did not see him—until it was too late. She did not know she had killed two men, one of them—her husband.

JEAN ROSCOE,
Form III.

Mary had a little swing
It wasn't hard to find,
For everywhere that Mary went
The swing was just behind.

First Mosquito: "What are you so
excited about?"
Second Mosquito: "I just passed
my screen test."

SNOW-FIGHT

See in winter all the children,
 Having snow-fights in their snow-
 forts,
 With each captain calling round
 him
 All his stoutest, sure-hit cohorts.

Some are busy packing snow-balls,
 Stocking up with ammunition;
 Some are adding to their snow-
 walls,
 Making stronger their position.

Now the battle's tempo rises,
 Snowballs fast and plenty flying;
 Each side gets a few surprises;
 Feints, and threats, and tricks, all
 trying.
 When the order, "Charge!" is
 shouted,
 Clamor, yells and wild confusion!
 Finally the foe is routed,
 With cheers to mark the fight's
 conclusion.

JEAN GILLANDERS,
 Form III.



LOVERS

She opened the front door coyly;
 She almost seemed afraid;
 He stood there looking shyly;
 A darling couple they made.

She asked him in; they entered
 Through the living room door;
 And shyer still, he kissed her;
 And silently looked at the floor.

Then suddenly mother descended
 The winding staircase long,
 Saying, "I suppose you're dear
 Cousin Albert,

Though I know I could be wrong."

So you see they weren't really
 lovers,

But cousins who'd never met,
 And you thought there was some-
 thing personal!

So there, we fooled you, I'll bet!

PEGGY DEACHMAN,
 Form III.

GOODBYE!

He said goodbye and he left.
 It was sad; he was manfully
 brave.

We had never been parted before;
 He turned at the gate and I waved;
 Then he left and I saw him no
 more.

"Goodbye, Johnny." I said in my
 heart,

"Don't worry, I'll see you soon.
 Your first day at school won't be
 long;

I'll be there; I will fetch you at
 noon."

ERICA CRUIKSHANK,
 Form V.

IN PRAISE OF THE COUNTRY

Oh! I've travelled o'er the bonny
blue sea;
I've visited France, Spain and
Italy;
I've seen the remains of the Parth-
enon,
And the Hanging Gardens of
Babylon.
But these wonders do not thrill
me
Half as much as the quiet country.
For the country is a wonderful
place,
Trees and blossoms wave with
grace;
Fragrant flowers blue, white and
pink,
Smile up at you with a tiny wink;
Quaint little cottages sit by
streams.
The country is the land of my
dreams.

Oh! I've lived in Delhi, and lived
in Rome—

Every capital has been my home.
I've been feasted by Emperors and
kings—

I've never had time for simpler
things.

But my heart's in the land native
to me,

The ever beautiful English
country.

For the country is a wonderful
place,

Trees and blossoms wave with
grace;

Fragrant flowers blue, white and
pink,

Smile up at you with a tiny wink;
Quaint little cottages sit by
streams.

The country is the land of my
dreams.



When my work is done and all is
oe'r

From the outside world I'll shut
my door.

I'll find a house where the fields
are green,

And there I'll live, by the world
unseen.

For the thing that means the most
to me

Is to end my days in the good
country.

For the country is a wonderful
place,

Trees and blossoms wave with
grace;

Fragrant flowers blue, white and
pink,

Smile up at you with a tiny wink;

Quaint little cottages sit by
streams.

The country is the land of my
dreams.

BETTY SOUTHGATE.

Form III.

LORDS AND LADIES OF BRANKSOME

The Lords in ancient Branksome
Hall,

In olden days of yore;

Wore armour to each Castle Ball,

The Ladies dressed in moire.

The Ladies of our Branksome
Hall

Now swamp the school in hoards;

The ladies now, they scream and
call,

But tell me, where are the Lords?

JOAN HEISE,

Form IV.

SPRINGTIME

Spring is the time of joy and,
mirth,

When nature strives to bless the
earth

With beauty, gentleness, and song;

With birds that chirp the whole
day long;

With flowers blooming radiantly,

And bursting buds in every tree

ANNE BLACKWELL,

Form II.

ON FIRM FOUNDATIONS

High upon a rocky crag

A lonely pine tree stood,

And bravely waited for the storm.

Its gnarled branches worn and old

Trembled, but its heart was bold,

And fear did not o'ercome it.

From jocund youth to youthful
age,

It watched the changing drama
pass,

And with each tempest gathered
strength

And faith to meet the next great
storm

And stand undaunted.

And like the tree Gerat Britain
stood

For one long year—alone;

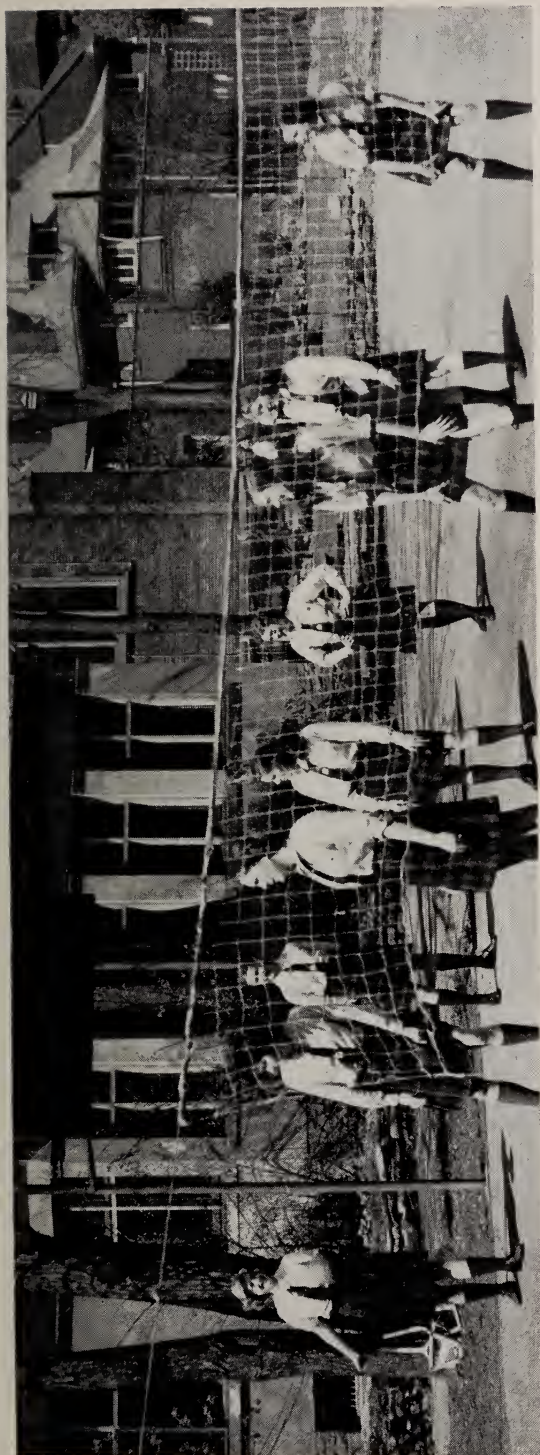
Her limbs were weak, her heart
was bold,

She fought with faith and forti-
tude

On firm foundations.

SHEILA CRAIG,

Form IV.



The Winning MacGregor

<p>At last I have discovered that I am Einstein's kind, These marks will show you clear- ly that I have a brilliant mind. Ninety-two in Algebra, ninety- eight in Lit., With one hundred in Physics I near- ly took a fit.</p>	<p>Only eighty-five in Comp., only ninety in History, But getting ninety-nine in French I decided not to worry. Latin one hundred — my wish granted at last, Surely now I must be the head of the class!</p>	<p>Conduct—"excellent" and neatness the same— Now I know I am only a brain! On top of the world was I it seemed, Until I awoke and found 'twas a dream.</p>
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The Hostages

The sun was beating down warmly on the narrow cobbled streets of a small village in Southern Brittany. At the first glance the small stone houses with their green doors and shutters seemed to be the same as before those dread days of June, 1940. On looking closer, however, there seemed to be something missing—where was the usual crowd of browned fishermen drinking their red wine before the inn? Where were the grubby children rolling in the dust of the village street with their equally grubby dogs? Where were the women in their starched white caps, knitting and gossiping around the white-washed doorsteps?

Where, indeed! You may ask the German—"sale Boche" as the once laughter-loving Bretons call him. Most of the able-bodied men over sixteen were working their hearts out in the filthy factories of Germany. The women were waiting in a long queue in front of the grocery store, waiting patiently and often in vain for the meagre rations they were given each month. The grubby children, now thin and emaciated, were grovelling in the garbage cans and dumps for anything edible to swell the family dinner. A few men, all old and disabled, were sitting inside the inn, making the most of their skimpy litres of wine.

Into this scene—calm and peaceful by German standards, crept little Jean, who, like all the children, resembled a pitiful skeleton. To all the groups along the street he whispered a few words, words which caused the men to place their half empty glasses on the table, the women to pale. These words, "Two German soldiers have been found dead outside the village," meant that death and tragedy would follow swiftly.

Tramp—tramp—tramp—the sound of heavy German boots on the cobbles, the clatter of German arms, shouted orders, and in a few minutes the square is full of grey clad soldiers. Women are hustled from the queue, men are pulled roughly from the inn door, even children are rounded up from the garbage cans. A hard-faced German officer takes the centre of the stage and barks out, "Men of Loisanne, a terrible crime has been committed against the Fatherland by some swine from this village. If you do not at once tell me what you know of this outrage, and the names of the dogs who dared to raise their hands against soldiers of the Third Reich, revenge will be very swift."

A silence, broken only by the shuffling of German boots, falls over the square until the German officer bellows, "All right, you murderers! Heimrich, take every third man out to the orchard and shoot him."

The men are lined up against the brick wall at one end of the square and a soldier struts down the line pointing, "You, and you, and you," Dry-eyed and pale, the women watch, their eyes fixed on the line of their menfolk. "There goes little Jean, just sixteen, there Henri, the once merry village baker, old Jeanneret with one leg, Guillaume, the storyteller, the white-haired Abbé and several more." There they go, between two lines of grim Germans, up the hill to the orchard.

Among the apple trees they were lined up, little Jean, L'Abbé and the rest. The machine gun was set in position, the women in the village below bowed their heads, when suddenly—above the sounds of the countryside rose the strains of the Marseillaise. The machine gun chattered—but the song was taken up by the women below, it rose above the gun, to the heavens above—the song of a people unconquered!. "Allons mes enfants de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrive—!"

ANN PLUMMER,

Form IV.



Lunch Hour

Triumph Over Adversity

When we think of greatness in respect to the achievements of women, we are all too apt to fasten our attention on some person who has won public notice by a notable contribution to public welfare, or to the arts, or to science. Yet there is another kind of greatness—that which triumphs over handicaps or adversity in one form or another. To reach a goal that may never seem important to the world at large is still triumph if it takes greatness of spirit and courage to achieve.

This is a story of a young woman whose name may not be given because she is unaware that this is being written. But every word of it

is true. Twenty odd years ago she was born in Western Ontario without hands or legs. Her arms ended at the elbow, and her legs above the knees. One would naturally suppose that a person so handicapped would grow up a helpless and hopeless cripple. Today, because of her indomitable will power, she leads an almost normal life. She wears artificial limbs and hands and walks with only a slight sway, without support of any kind. Stairs are no obstacle for her. She can sew and do all those small personal tasks so necessary to a young woman.

Her most remarkable achievement, however, is a comparatively recent one. I do not know when she first felt the urge to paint or first realized that since she could handle a needle she might be able to work with pencil and brush. But start painting she did. Most of us would assume that she would learn to master the technique of painting with her artificial hands. She preferred to discard them and use her elbows. In this amazing manner she began to work. About a year ago her relatives were so impressed with her work that they arranged to send her to Toronto to study in earnest.

For weeks last fall she worked in the studio of a well known Toronto artist. She had done some landscape painting, but she was put to painting still life and flowers—a far more exacting type of painting for a person so handicapped. Here in the studio with other students marvelling at her skill she turned out within a comparatively short time paintings that were far above amateur level—in fact, in sheer craftsmanship they excelled the work of students who had had years of training. With charcoal held between her elbows she drew beautifully intricate studies and with equal skill turned out complete paintings. With only her elbows she handles and mixes her paints, cleans her brushes, and generally does all the little jobs that painting involves.

Up to the present her teacher has not permitted either display or sale of her work, but in the near future, perhaps, Toronto art lovers will have an opportunity of examining and valuing the work of this extraordinary woman.

BEVERLEY HAMM,
Form II.

Miss McNiece (to J. Godfrey who
is ready for a swim): Judy,
did you take a shower?
J. Godfrey: Why, is there one
missing?

J. Heize: What is that awful
odour in the library?
J. Livingstone: The dead silence
Miss Shaw keeps in
there.

HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH

We come to school and learn in
 Lit.,
 That the books we read must have
 been writ
 By Shakespeare, Hardy, or men
 like them—
 And so in protest I lift my pen.

Instead of Shakespeare every year,
 MacBeth the Henries, and King
 Lear—
 How about something modern,
 new,
 By someone who lives in the age
 we do?

Instead of seeing that everyone
 learns
 Of Tennyson, Browning, Robert
 Burns,
 Let us read some amusing trash—
 Robert Benchley and Ogden Nash.

For English texts that are slow
 and dry,
 I've taken a census, and nine-
 tenths ask why
 Don't we have even one day a
 week
 Poems not resembling old Roman
 or Greek.

And how about once just letting
 us read
 A poem, or tale of a valiant deed
 Without knowing or caring about
 the theme?
 Ah me! It sounds like a beautiful
 dream.

ANN PLUMMER,
 Form IV.

WIND

I spring from the edge of a stormy
 cliff;
 I float with a gull on the swell;
 I whistle a tune to the song of the
 sea
 Like a ghost in the middle of hell.

I tear the skies with the ruthless
 hand
 Of a murderer laughing at love;
 Then I slip through the delicate
 fingers of light
 And kiss the wings of a dove.

I laugh with the thunder; I weep
 with the rain;
 I rumple the beard of St. Pete.
 I'm a dream; I'm a song; I'm the
 bad little elf
 That tickles the angels' feet.

ERICA CRUIKSHANK,
 Form V.

CHRISTMAS IS OVER

I'm really awfully worried,
 I don't know what to do,
 For Santa brought me everything,
 I wrote and asked him to.

Soon I will have my birthday,
 And I don't know any more
 Nice toys or books or other things
 To ask my parents for.

PAULINE COLE,
 Form I.

ACTIVITIES!



1



2



3



4



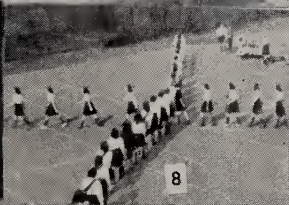
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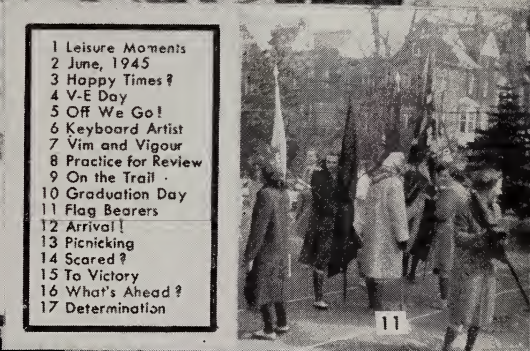
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9



10



11

- 1 Leisure Moments
- 2 June, 1945
- 3 Happy Times?
- 4 V-E Day
- 5 Off We Go!
- 6 Keyboard Artist
- 7 Vim and Vigour
- 8 Practice for Review
- 9 On the Trail
- 10 Graduation Day
- 11 Flag Bearers
- 12 Arrival!
- 13 Picnicking
- 14 Scared?
- 15 To Victory
- 16 What's Ahead?
- 17 Determination



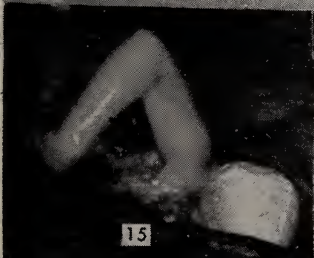
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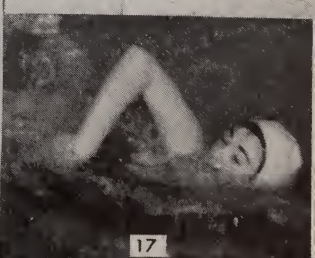
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17

The Passing Parade

From our vantage point at the end of the term of 1945-46, look back at all the dozens of events that have kept us hopping throughout the year, at all the hard work and groans and midnight oil, and think of the fun we have had. Fun? I should say! Clan games, recreational dancing, skating, basketball, the Masquerade—any number of other activities—have brought us breathless and laughing through exams and rainy days alike, and left us at last, wishing for many more such good times in another year just as perfect.

This year has seen two old traditions reinstalled—the Carol Service and the Gym Demonstration. Carols, in St. Andrews Church, were lovelier than ever before. A brand new touch was given to the pageant in the solos by Carol Chelew and Wilma Muirhead.

The Gym Revue paraded by, to the strains of the bagpipes. Long hours of practising resulted in an almost perfect display of precision gymnastics, folk dancing, and marching, plus the Sports Parade and the Clan Games, additions to the regular features. Probably the most popular number was the performance of the Cumberland Reel and the Rye Waltz by a special group of fourth formers *and* boys from St. Andrews College!



The Operetta Cast

Form plays, too, were especially well done. We all thoroughly enjoyed following the sailors adventures in "~~Donkey~~ Serenade", beating time to the slapstick songs in "The Cotton Pickers" minstrel show, and laughing at the antics of "Elmer." The operetta, "Jewel of the Desert" was ably performed under the direction of Miss Shaw. Judy Humphries as *Caesar* and Carol Massey as *Cheeko* nearly stole the show. The Arab chorus and the various dances lent added colour to the realistic acting and splendid singing of the cast.

The Beta Kappa deserves congratulations for the wonderful Christmas dance and the "At Home." Decorations were colourful candy canes, roly-poly snowmen, and a real live Christmas tree; caricatures of prominent "girls about school" adorned the gym walls during the big dance, in addition to large stands of enormous make-believe flowers and the usual red, green, black, and white streamers. Best of all, we "went formal" again at this first peacetime school dance; gay colours and full, floating skirts were the order of the night. In spite of certain difficulties, such as manoeuvring stairways with ease, we all agree that the "At Home" was really tops!

This year, when Good Posture Week rolled around, the ominous sign, "Watch out! G.P.W. is coming!" carried no threat. For to us G.P.W. is now no sinister villain lurking in a dark corner, but the signal to straighten up and step out. And through the week we were reminded to keep erect by the song "Are You a Camel?"; by red posture ribbons given to all, which, if lost through faulty posture, were pinned to the picture of a camel fastened to the bulletin board; and by warning signs and placards. Pasquale D'Angelo gave a talk on posture.

Courtesy Week was another movement in the school this year, which advocated politeness and good manners. Those found guilty of lack of courtesy were tried and convicted every morning. Two extremely interesting talks on this subject were given by Mrs. Brown and Jan Chamberlain.

Broadcasts over the "Trans Corridor Network of the Branksome Broadcasting System" were presented on "Design for Listening." Through the year we were entertained by many varied stories, educational programmes, and music.

Our first and second basketball teams had a new experience when they went to Whitby to play the Ontario Ladies College in Branksome's first out-of-town game. Now that gas is once more unrationed, Clansdale Heights, the school farm, welcomed us for the form picnics, and eager skiers spend many Saturdays and weekends there, shooting down trails and laboriously "herringbone-ing" up the steepest hills.

The bulletin-boards, decorated each month in turn by the clans, have displayed more and more new and colourful ideas. In fact "they get better each time!"

Though the school year is almost at an end, other milestones appear ahead to urge us on—the Fashion Show, the Graduation Dance, the Spring Festival, and the Prize Giving. We have sped, working and playing through event-crammed days and weeks and months, and we know that it is fun to be busy! Fun? I should say!

ANNE BURTON,
Form IV.

BASKETBALL

This fall, as in previous years, the Branksome girls' fancy lightly turned to basketball. Not so lightly, as a matter of fact, for there was hard work to be done. And work they did! It was not easy making the grade with so many competing, but those who were finally picked to represent Branksome in the 1945-'46 inter-school series were well rewarded. Although at the beginning of the



THE FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM
Standing: J. Ross, L. Park J. Ferrabee, A. James.
Sitting: D. Windeyer, M. Craig, S. Spence.

season the scores were not what the teams had hoped they might be, the girls came through with flying colours. The four teams made a fair showing in the final count.

Two events of special interest outside the series were the "Branksome Old Girls' Game" and the expedition of our first and second teams to the Ontario Ladies College at Whitby. For the first time in many years the school team was victorious in the match with the "old girls." It was the most exciting game of the year. At Whitby the spectators saw two evenly matched teams fight it out. It was only after a hard battle that Branksome's girls took the honours for both games.

As well as the inter-school competitions there was also inter-clan and inter-form basketball for enthusiasts. The Ross Clan was victorious in the inter-clan and inter-form games.

First Team

Forwards—A James,

D. Windeyer,

M. Craig,

L. Park,

E. Scott.

Guards—J. Ross,

J. Ferrabee,

S. Spence, (captain).

Second Team

Forwards—A Hargraft, (captain)

A. Hatch,

H. DeNike.

Guards—S. Dalton,

C. Catto,

P. Marlow,

N. Inglis.

SKIING

Every Saturday morning as soon as the first flake of snow had fluttered down on Summit, Greyhound buses, loaded to the racks with eighty enthusiastic skiers jolted up to Clansdale Heights. All thoughts of Latin and French soon vanished, for, after we had donned our skiis and tumbled down the first easy slope, we discovered the horrors of Banana Skin Bend, Chien Chaud, Brown's Folly.

Several hours later, nearly famished, we directed our unruly pieces of hickory towards the farm where we were greeted with hot-dogs and steaming cups of cocoa. After lunch the day-girls struggled bravely up and down hills, through trees and bushes, until at last, exhausted but happy, they fell into the bus and headed back to civilization.

Sixteen house-girls, however, had a different story, for they remained at the farm for the whole week-end. Dinner over, if still in one piece, we armed ourselves once again with the necessary equipment and sallied forth—but this time we pulled toboggans. Sunday at 7.00 A.M. the fires were replenished and by 7.01 A.M. all were astir. We devoured our breakfasts and hastily set out to try, once more, our luck on the hazardous slopes. At four we packed our bags and bid farewell to Clansdale, silently vowing to master Mac's Misery the following Saturday—or die in the attempt! . . . And so

our ski parties continued for eight jubilant weeks!

P.S. And then of course St. Andrew's used the trails too!

SWIMMING

Swimming is always a favourite sport during the first and third terms. Would-be Branksome mermaids were picked for the team. The meet was held at B.S.S.

The inter-clan meet was a great success. The clothing obstacle race and the candle race added to the hilarity of the afternoon. MacLean was the winner

SPORTS DAY

June 6, 1945, was a gala day for the more athletic Branksomites. That day our Annual Sports Day competitions were held. The spectators were very enthusiastic over the high jumping and broad jumping. Races, straight and form relays, held their own and provided keen competition and fun.

Our special guests for the afternoon were from The Home for Incurable Children.

Practice for Sports Day, 1946, is well under way.



THE SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: J. Ross, C. Catto, M. Dugdale, M. Senior, F. Dajoe, G. Lyons.
Sitting: D. Windeyer, A. Zimmerman, E. Cruikshank, T. Stewart, S. Spence.

SKATING

Our main winter sport is skating. Twice a week Varsity Arena is thronged with Branksomites doing "figure eights" and twirls. We had two colourful clan ice-meets with the clan standards marking the ends of the rink. A very special event in the second meet were solos, well executed by Tony Stewart, Mary Binnie and Maureen Senoir.

BADMINTON AND BOWLING

Badminton and bowling at St. Paul's this year has been very popular. Many girls went over to practise for the tournaments. In

the clan bowling series, MacGregor came first with Douglas second. In badminton many excelled. The inter-clan tournament was a round of exciting matches. Ross Clan came first in both the doubles and singles. The inter-school meet was a big event of the year with Havergal, B.S.S., St. Clements, and Branksome competing.

VOLLEY BALL AND ARCHERY

We took up Volley ball seriously this year; the inter-clan games proved exciting. MacGregor was first and Ross came a close second.

Archery was a favourite recreation. Many Robin Hoods turned



THE BADMINTON TEAM

Left: D. Windeyer, J. Williams. Sitting: J. Ross, J. Ferrabee
Right: J. McColl, J. Hamilton.

out and were all set for a tournament, but the weather prevented it twice. They are hoping for better luck this term.

TENNIS

The tennis courts have been a scene of great activity in this the third term. The singles' tournament had many exciting matches. Joan Ross is this year's champion.

The doubles' have not been completed yet. The title is being keenly contested.

LETTERS FROM HOLLAND

During the long drag of the winter term, and on through the spring, Form IVA has plunged into an absorbing new activity—none other than correspondence with a group of Dutch high school students! When the first letters were sent on their long journey to Holland, we had but vague recollections of wind mills, dykes, and tulips, Hans Brinker and William of Orange to associate with that country. What a lot we have learned!

Everyone knows of the hardships Holland suffered under German rule and of the splendid spirit of the Dutch people, resisting their enemy in every possible manner. One boy wrote: "Winter 1944-45 was a bad one, a *very* bad one. We had no food, no clothes, no light, no fuel, nothing at all . . . and our fathers and brothers and

we had to work for the Germans. But we did not so. We fought to them underground—suddenly a German fortress disappeared, an officer was murdered, or a car destroyed. The Germans tried to punish us . . . but we went on, cold and hungry, but full of enthusiasm." Such courage and fortitude under such conditions are truly great.

Those who think they are heavy-laden and staggering with school work, listen to this: "I have, however, little time for things like that (sports), for I study Mathematics, Algebra and Geometry, Mechanics, Physics, Chemistry, Botany and Zoology, History, Geography, English, French, German and Dutch." Any more complaints?

Do not think, however, that life in Holland is just one continual round of study—it is not! As in Canada, there is a great interest in both classical and popular music. Dancing, festivals, and activities of all kinds, from gardening to photography make things hum. Bicycling is the vogue, (and also the chief means of transportation these days). In spite of their old world background of windmills and wooden shoes, all the Hans' and Jans' are as up-to-date and modern as any Sinatra fan.

And this international correspondence has more than one side. Dutch students are, in turn, learning of Canadian life, gaining a practical knowledge of the English language, and perhaps more im-

portant, adding to the strong feeling of amity and good will that exists between our country and theirs. As the months pass, and the friendly letters are exchanged, may welcoming voices cry out many times in many homes.

"*Es is un brief von je nit Canada!*"—"There is a letter for you from Canada!"

ANNE BURTON,
Form IV.

FLUFFY SUDS!

Do you know that there is a soap shortage? No? Well, there is! The Household Science classes thought they would like to remedy this condition, so one day they made "Fluffy Suds."

Ask VSP. if you want to know anything about them. Is there free alkali? But definately! Don't be embarrassed with lily white hands. Use Fluffy Suds and they'll turn a bright pink!

(Tune—Jingle Bells)

Fluffy suds, fluffy suds,
Make your hands bright pink!
Use them on the dishes when
You wash them in the sink!

Fluffy suds, Fluffy suds,
Use them every day;
Take a beater, beat them fast
You'll have fluffy suds that stay!

Suds so white, hands so pink,
Undies dirty grey—
Use fluffy suds to wash your duds,
They're sure to melt away!



Fluffy suds, Fluffy suds,
Fluffy morn and night;
If your girdle doesn't fit
And it is snug and tight,

Use Fluffy suds, fluffy suds,
Morning, noon and night;
And you will have a three way
stretch,
That'll never fit you right.

V SPECIAL

Miss Claxton: Soot is a good reducing agent.
J. Loudon: I must try it sometime.

FELLOWSHIP

One of the Branksome extra-curricular organizations is the Inter-School Christian Fellowship, commonly known as the I.S.C.F. This group meets one afternoon a week at No. 16 Elm for discussions and to hear speakers.

Our special speakers this year have been varied and interesting, among these were: Miss E. M. Read, who opened our first meeting; Mr. Piltz, a Jewish Christian worker originally from Spain; Miss Cathie Nichol, leader of Pioneer Camp; Miss M. Fish from Vancouver; Miss Marjorie Windsor, who spent four years in a Japan-

ese Consentration Camp; Miss Dee Jenkins fom Texas; and Miss A. Doherty, who was sponsor of the I.S.C.F. last year.

At Christmas the whole group got together, some bringing their friends, and had a most enjoyable party. Miss Read, Miss Dee Jenkins, and Miss Nichol were present and spoke briefly. The warm weather was welcomed with a joint tea party of the I.S.C.F. of four schools, and the summer with a picnic in North Toronto.

GERDA MURRAY,
President.

O P H E L E O

During the early years of the school the collections of the Opheleo were contributed to mission work in India. The first contributions went to the Ramabai Mission. Then we undertook the support of an orphan at Manmad, later on a teacher, and after that the maintenance of a Branksome Hall bed t the Women's Hospital at Ludhiana.

However, it will be noted by the following report of the treasurer that we are now sending our donations over a much wider area—to China, to Africa, to Europe, and South America as well as our gifts to the underprivileged in Canada. This is in keeping with the changed character of the school as our girls now come from so many different parts of the world.

We have found that assisting in missionary work in all the continents has been of the greatest value to the Opheleo, indeed to every girl, and feel confident that in the years that lie ahead of us the girls will want to continue in this good work.

JUNE MILLER

O P H E L E O

Treasurer's Report:**Cash Received:**

Ramabai week.....	\$ 300.00	
Carol service.....	226.00	
Relief for Europe.....	20.00	
Lenten Collections	269.00	
	<hr/>	\$ 815.00

Cash Paid Out:

To Ramabai Mission.....	\$ 200.00	
To Shalini, Indian orphan.....	50.00	
Clarabai, Indian teacher.....	50.00	
	<hr/>	300.00
To University Settlement, Nathaniel Mission, Salvation Army, Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Assoc.		
Individual gifts.....	226.00	226.00
To Mme. Falticzek (relief for Europe)	20.00	20.00
To Ludhiana Mission.....	50.00	
Africa	25.00	
China	25.00	
South America	25.00	
Europe	25.00	150.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 696.00	\$ 696.00
Balance.....		\$ 119.00
		<hr/>

We expect to take in \$100.00 for summer holidays for underprivileged children.

BARBARA HARGRAFT, Form V.



THE GRADUATING CLASS—FIFTH FORMS

Sitting: S. O'Reilly, G. Baker, M. Barnes, B. Hargraft, M. Dugdale, F. Chase, J. Miller, S. Baker, A. Stinson, K. Deacon, E. Craikshank, E. Wilson.
Second Row: C. Cunningham, M. Kyle, R. Hanna, J. Hill, J. Hamilton, M. Robertson, J. Bankier, J. Walker, B. Roberts, P. Carrington, L. Park, J. Rumley, J. Humphreys, J. Mack, C. Massey.
Third Row: R. Howison, M. Deuse, J. Myrdon, R. Barnett, J. Wilkinson, J. Clegg, M. Watson, D. Miller, B. Fleming, J. Ferrabee, J. Sinclair, J. Southam, P. West, J. Pemberton, I. Ritchie, B. Chisholm.
Fourth Row: C. Dean, J. Neilson, J. Hutcheson, M. Millar, M. Ryerson, G. Gaebelein, L. Tolmie, M. Hill, J. Winston, V. Carroll, A. Cawthra, J. Aitken, V. Wood, M. White, N. Benjamin.
Fifth Row: J. Wardell, J. Ross, E. Jennings, E. Scott, W. Nugent, G. Murray, R. Mitchell, E. McCarthy, N. Stratford, A. Ross, J. Palmer, H. German, P. Durrell, C. Dibble, E. German.

Form V Horoscope

NAME

YOU NOTICE

Joan Aitken	shiny black hair, smile
Ruth Barnett	that quizzical expression
Nancy Benjamin	her new frat pin
Catherine Catto	her pep
Anne Cawthra	sweetness
Barbara Chisholm	wide-eyed interest
Joy Clegg	earnestness
Cynthia Dean	her tricky pen
Joan Ferrabee	her curly hair
Gretchen Gaebelin	a surprised expression
Jane Hamilton	her big eyes and goggles
Joyce Hassard	naturally curly hair
Joan Hutcheson	her trim figure
Magaret Kyle	the twinkle in her eyes
Doreen Miller	her laugh
Joan Neilson	that she is always around
Wilma Nugent	a long baby cut
Joan Ross	the smile that will get her anything
Jane Bankier	that she loves tea parties
Patricia Carrington	earnestness
Patricia Durrell	those rubber cheques
Helen German	her curly hair, natural too!
Ruth Howison	that she comes from "Markham" (north of Toronto that is)
Jane Mack	her gorgeous hair
Mary Millar	her "Dynamite" nail polish
Ruth Mitchell	her squeaky laugh at 7.15 a.m. and 11.00 p.m.
Gerda Murray	her Jamaican accent
Joan Myrdon	her Navy pin
Judy Palmer	the snap-shots on her mirror
Martha Ryerson	her paddy green shoes
Nora Stratford	her good natured laugh
Lorna Tolmie	short black hair
Joan Wardell	her scholastic ability
Mary Watson	her grin
Pat West	her gentle smile
Mary Liz White	her absence
Jean Wilkinson	her black shiny hair
Jean Winston	her long lashes
Virginia Carroll	"Who's got some cards?"

Form V Horoscope

SHE IS

PROBABLE FUTURE

fun	Indian Princess.
always laughing	Commedienne.
always with M. L. White	Rockette.
a basketball fiend	Physical Ed.
doing what Barbara is doing	Owning dogs and tweeds.
a tennis whiz	Marriage.
always teaching tennis	fox-hunting.
always playing bridge	matron in a boy's school.
athletic enthusiast	Ski champ.
a Trig. expert	President's wife.
happy-go-lucky	soap-box opera.
a crack bridge player	Trig. teacher.
from Huntsville, of course!	tax collector.
Miss Craig's handyman	artist.
maths. fiend	ballet dancer.
explosive in chem.	journalist.
always dreaming	house-wife.
energetic and so cute	re-organizing, world affairs.
always chatting	psychologist.
very talkative	teacher.
possessed with nixies	a good time.
lots of fun	nurse.
always popping buttons	sewing buttons.
quiet, at times	working her way to Vancouver.
blessed with curly hair	Life with T.N.T.
ever so full of energy	occupational therapist.
polite and kind	biochemist.
quiet but fun	sailor's mate.
understanding and charming	Mrs. Bailey.
always on the phone	a gracious hostess to their friends.
a grand girl!	research!
clever at school	Toronto Symphony Orchestra.
steady	Latin teacher.
happy-go-lucky ("How much wood would a wood-chuck chuck")	novelist.
where Margie is	Principal of a school.
always letter-writing	letter-writing.
efficient	business executive.
depending on Latin	research work.
warbling a new song hit	hard working house wife.

Form V Horoscope**NAME****YOU NOTICE**

Claire Dibble cute sort of chuckle
 Mary Dease that bee - -oo - - ti - -ful diamond
 Elizabeth German "Hi! kiddo"

Jean Hill "Well kids, here's where I fail"

Marjorie Hill "I'll just die if I don't get my French..."

Elizabeth McCarthy the way she throws that volley ball
 around

June Pemberton "I'm sorry Miss Edmison, I'll bring it
 to-morrow"

Audrey Ross her dashing to Queen's

Joan Southam her winding herself around a chair

Inez Ritchie those darling little dimples

Rosemary Hanna "You can't go out in that thing!"

V Commercial

Diana Beck the way she sticks up for what she
 wants

Bobbee Fleming that light in her eyes

Judy Humphreys Mi31 Smile

Ruth Jennings her marks

Louise Park her red hair and what goes with it

Betty Roberts her voice

Joan Rumley the nightly calls from Freddie

Eileen Scott her nail file

Janet Sinclair that yearning for the East Coast

Barbara Stewart "Stew"

Joan Walker her quiet and sweet nature

Virginia Wood her, period!!

V Special

Constance Cunningham her exceptional height

Nancy Anne Featherstone that catchy laughter

Carol Massey that Jarvis pin

Sheilagh O'Reilly those hand-knit sweaters

Mary Robertson that red hair

Eleanor Wilson those bright blue eyes

Juniors



The Adventures of a Mouse

Father Tittle faced his family of young mice wearily. "Children," he said "Your mother and I are getting old. I can't provide for you, and Matilda," (with a glance at his wife), "feels she can no longer sew, knit, and cook."

"Yes," Mother Tittle joined in, "and I am afraid, dears, that, young as you are, you will have to go into the wide world and earn your living."

Timothy, the youngest of the family, was very surprised when he heard this. He knew that little mice must, at some time, leave their home, but he had *not* known that they left when they were as young as Timothy. When he told his mother this, she said that he was young to leave home, but, as his father had told them, Timothy's parents could no longer provide for him.

So the next morning, Timothy packed his bag, said "Goodbye" to his parents, and away he went.

He wandered about the city, trying in many places for a job. After a day or two, he came to a school. Timothy said to himself with a gasp, "Why, I haven't learned to read and write yet. I must enroll here at once."

He found his way to the principal's office. He knocked at the door. Someone said, "Come in."

Timothy walked in, stood in front of the principal, and said, "I want to learn to read and write."

The principal, (Mr. Short-ears), asked him what his name was. Timothy replied, "Timothy Jacob Long-tail Benjamin Tittle." Mr. Short-ears gravely wrote this down.

The next morning the little mouse arrived early at school. A gang of older mice came up to him. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, said, "Look here, you new guy, you've got to learn our ways at this school. One of them is that you have to obey my gang." He pointed to the boys behind him, then continued, "Do you understand? You have to obey us," he repeated. The bully would have explained more in detail, had not the bell rung just then. The crowd of boys raced to class, Timothy with them.

In school the little mouse tried to think why the boys wanted him to obey them. He finally concluded that it must be because his obedience would perhaps come in handy when the gang wanted to do something underhand. They might make Timothy do something they were afraid to do.

After school that afternoon Timothy found out that other mice of his age had also been forced to obey the above-mentioned gang.

"They think they're the big fellows around here," one grunted.

"Well, I have a plan," said Timothy. The little fellow then proceeded to tell the others of the plot.

That night, Timothy, with a dozen other mice, appeared at the school. (Jim, the leader of the gang, was a boarder at the school.)

In a breathless hush, five mice, Timothy included, crept through Jim's window. They were wrapped in sheets. They quietly awoke Jim. After stopping him from squeaking, and his tail from thumping, the "ghosts" spoke to him in ominous voices, saying that if he did not refrain from his evil deeds something terrible would happen to him.

Jim thought it was his Great-Grandfather's spirit with his friends. He, after being ordered, made a solemn promise never to be unkind to the younger mice again.

So Timothy finished school in peace.

EDITH THOMSON.

Grade Six.



THE JUNIOR CHIEFTAINS AND SUB-CHIEFTAINS
Back Row: S. Mair, J. Jones, W. Meredith.
Front Row: H. MacPherson, J. Broughall, D. Walker.

The Adventures of a Ten-cent Piece

"Good morning, fellow passengers. Ouch! That was a big one. I'm sorry if I bumped you, because I am rather uneven on that side, owing to a large dint, which I received overseas."

"Excuse me, sir, I hope I am not intruding, but, could you tell us how you received your —er—wound?" I was thus addressed by a very meek and humble halfpenny who was one of the many coins in the collection with me. "I am a Canadian ten-cent piece journeying over the Atlantic on my way home."

"Well, "I replied, very flattered by the attention of the youngster, "It is rather a long story, but I will endeavour not to bore you."

"Here we go again," remarked a surly looking German franc.

"Hush, hush, do be quiet," remonstrated his neighbours, "your turn will come."

Ignoring this interruption, I began. "I was given to a wealthy man at the bank and in his pocket book, with all the wads of bills, we were driven through the streets to a large, brilliant night club. He tossed me to a waiter, who had a pile of dishes, but the waiter didn't notice me, and I fell into a half-empty bowl of soup. I was very uncomfortable indeed, and hoped that I would soon be removed from my very damp quarters. Soon I heard a few rough words spoken and a sad little sniff. Suddenly the rather bedraggled little boy, who was doing the dishes, gave a little gasp of surprised delight. Quickly he slipped me into his pocket. As soon as he had finished the dishes he received his pay and hurried to a drug store to get medicine for his sick mother. I was used to pay for a box of cough drops that she needed badly.

"I was in the druggists' cash drawer for many moons and had many interesting conversations. During a political discussion, I was taken out of the drawer and handed to a rather dirty but interesting tramp, who was begging at the door. As he was sauntering along the street, I could see ahead through a little hole in his pocket. I saw some rough village boys teasing and throwing stones at a poor little cringing dog. My friend, the tramp, rushed up and protected the dog, giving me to the boys to pay for it. The tramp could not afford to keep the little mongrel, but at least he could take it to the Humane Society where it would be safe.

"Fortunately, I was not long with the boys, owing to a large hole in the pocket into which I was dropped. I lay quite a while in the street before a little girl picked me up and put me carefully into her purse. When she got home, she presented me shyly to her older brother, who was leaving for overseas.

"The trip to the front line was long and tiresome. I don't like to remember much about my war experiences. It was all shouts, sirens, din, and confusion. I do remember however, that in George's pocket I felt a sudden, sharp, pain in my side. How it hurts! Later, I discovered it had been a small fragment of exploded metal, which caused quite severe flesh wounds. As I had been resting over the area of George's heart, you might say, that, in an indirect way, I had saved his life.

"Soon after that, I found the rest of you in this box and now, on George's release from hospital, we are all on our way home again.

How true are the words—

"Home, sweet Home!"

HEATHER McPHERSON,
Grade Eight.



The Greatest Scare I Ever Had

In the year 1942 I was in Burma. One day I went out to do some Christmas shopping with a Burmese school-mate. Her name is Violet Kebe-bor-nor. We went down-town in Daddy's car. The driver took us down-town, then he went back to Daddy's office.

We soon heard lots of planes flying over us, but we still did not know what it was. Soon we saw something dropping, and all the people were shouting, running, crying, and acting strangely. We thought it

was so funny, but Violet said it might be Jap planes. Later we heard the air-raid siren and we knew it was Jap planes.

We ran and jumped on the running board of a car, and we asked them to please take us out of town. He said that he would, and that was the manager of the South West Company in Burma. He let us off and we ran to hide in a zoo near the monkey cage by a big tree. After that we heard something make a queer sound. We were ready to run to another place because we were so scared that the tigers and lions would come out of their cages.

The Jap planes dropped bombs for two and a half hours, and we had to hide three hours with the sun shining on us. So we took off our shoes and underwear, because it is just too hot to run with them on. But when we took our shoes off the ground was hot, we had to put them on again. In a little while we heard nothing but monkeys chattering and tigers growling. We felt so scared, but then we heard the air-raid siren, and we knew it was over.

We began to be hungry so we went to a drug store to phone Mummy, and she said for us to hide for one or two hours more because another group of planes were coming. After that we went back to get a drink and some sandwiches from the store free. They said we could take as many as we could carry so we took lots of them to feed the monkeys for a few minutes. Then the planes came back again and we still hid in the same place. This time the bombing was worse. All the houses and trees were burning. People were still crying and shouting. It looked very, very sad. We had two nice little dogs to keep us company at the zoo.

The moon arrived and the skies were dark. Then the planes started to fly away again. We phoned back home and the driver drove the car to get us. On our way home we could see blood flowing on the streets just like rain on a stormy day. Parts of bodies were hanging all around on the trees and wires.

We got home safely at last, but we did not have any Christmas with us. Many people came to our garden to hide because we had a huge garden, and lots of trees. We had guns and watchmen with us for the night. We only stayed there for three weeks more, then we went to Chungking because there are nice huge dug-outs there. They are made of mountains.

MILLICENT HSIUNG,
Grade Eight.



JUNIOR SPORTS OF 1946

The sports of 1946 were very successful and well organized. Everyone took part and enjoyed themselves.

Each week the Clans Chieftains of the Robertson, the Grant, and the Bruce kept an account of the people going to games. At the end of the week the clan with the highest total had their name written on a shield in the gymnasium. This made each person try to help their clan by going to games. The clans were very close, sometimes only one mark which made the winning clan rejoice.

The chief Autumn sport was basketball. A team was made up of Grade 7 and 8 girls to play other school teams. There were six forwards, Jane Bradshaw, Shirley Mair, Heather McPherson, Alison Roach, Daphne Walker, and Barbara Weiss. The guards were: Johanna Broughall, Eve Cassels, Ann Gilday, Geraldine Jephcott, Joan Macohin and Ann Russel. Our proctors, Anne James and Alma Hatch gave up much of their

time to coach us and make basketball a success.

The winter found everyone skiing and tobogganing at the Deacon's and skating at the Varsity Arena twice a week. This year there was a skiing expedition to the Branksome Farm at Summit.

Diana Windeyer gave classes in tap-dancing once a week and Judy Godfrey was in charge of the tumbling class.

In the spring and summer other proctors from Forms II and III came over and managed softball, swimming, tennis, and broad and high jumping.

We are going to enter the sports day contests and the swimming meet. The older juniors are practising for the tennis tournament and the soft ball team. All had loads of fun this year at sports and games.

DAPHNE WALKER,
EVE CASSELS.



JUNIOR LIBRARY

Some very good books have been added to our library this year. They were donated by the following:

Heather McPherson.
 Nancy McCutcheon.
 Tanya Patterson.
 Jennifer Jones.
 Maureen Senior.
 Karol Fraser.
 Gwendolyn Hsuing.
 Jane Henderson.
 Adrienne Boone .
 Caroline Thornton.
 Jane Campbell.
 Elizabeth Richardson.
 Susan Richardson
 Judy Lovering.
 Wendy Rogers.
 Carol McGregor.
 Bonita Hsinng.
 Anne Gilday.
 Charlette Campbell.
 Jane Wilcox.
 Daphne Walker.
 Millicent Hsinng.
 Judy Silverman.
 Judy Stewart.
 Hugheen Cree.
 Hilary Warren.
 Wendy Meredith.
 Gail Purdy.
 Joy Cassals.
 Tony Stewart.
 Beverly Graham.
 Mary Barnett.
 Martha Clarke.

THE BUNNY

Silently as the night goes past
 A little bunny hops through the
 long grass.

He's cute and fuzzy, round and fat,
 And his ears stand straight as a
 jaunty hat.

He has a red nose that wiggles so
 fast

And little white teeth that show
 when he laughs.

His tail is round and short
 enough

To be nicely used for a powder
 puff.

He lives on grass, lettuce, and
 leaves

And loves to chew the bark off
 trees.

A hole in the ground is where he is
 found—

He disappears fast when he hears
 you around.

JOYCE WILSON,
 Grade 5.



ALUMNAE

Regular sewing meetings have been held during the year and though the attendance has not been large a good deal of work has been accomplished under the able direction of Daisy Robertson Gall.

A most delightful tea and sale, under the convenorship of Florence Kingsley Bastow, was held in November. In spite of a very wet day the Alumnae turned out in force and helped to make the event a success.

Miss Read's annual dinner was held May 4th. The highlight of the occasion was the presentation, by Daisy Robertson Gall on behalf of the Alumnae, of a lapel watch to mark the completion of Miss Read's fortieth year at Branksome.

Louise Jamieson who, as a nursing sister, saw service in South Africa and Italy during the war gave a very interesting account of her experiences. Dorothy Hoyle moved a vote of thanks to Louise.

At the business meeting which followed reports were read by the Secretary, Delphine Burr Keens, the Treasurer, Rhoda McArthur and the Sewing Convenor, Daisy Robertson Gall. The retiring president, Gladys Simpson Brown, was in the chair and Grace Morris Craig moved a hearty vote of thanks to her for her splendid leadership.

Nominations for officers for 1946-47 resulted in the election of the following:—

Honourary President—Miss Read. President Madeleine Rogers Peers. First Vice-President—Grace Morris Craig. Second Vice-President—Joan Peat. Secretary—Delphine Burr Keens. Treasurer—Rhoda McArthur. Sewing Convenor—Marjorie Evans Britt. Social Convenor—Beatrice Martin Calvert. Slogan Representative—Ainslie McMichael.

DELPHINE BURR KEENS,
Secretary

Personals

Miss Read gave a luncheon at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, last November for the alumnae living in the metropolis. Those present were:—Helen Simpson Walker, Margaret Kingston McCombe, Rosalind Morley MacEwen, Ann Irwin Varcoe, Dorothy Strong Turner, Beatrice Rough, Charlotte Bishop Millen, Kathleen Wilson Leslie, Dorothy and Peggy Galt, Elaine Enderby Fallows, Katharine Beach MacAdam, Betty Sparks Harrison, Grace Greer Grindley, Lois Rapley Floud, Daphne Hodgson, Margaret Drew Graham, Eleanor Mackay Coffey, Florence Drury Boucher, Marjorie Franklin Jones Bruce, Rosamund McCoy Butler, Isabel Earl, who is at Macdonald College, Betty and Nancy Jack who are sojourning in Hudson, P.Q. and attending Macdonald, Jean Fleck Barclay whose daughter, Joan, was married to Mr. J. W. R. Drummond, in May. Ethel Twedell Cartmel, Lillian Mitchell Blair, Margaret Barrett Eldridge, Marjorie McLaughlin Sharpe who is living in Beaconsfield and Marjorie Apedaile Jack who is at home in Pointe Claire. Betty Williamson, Sally Pitfield, Noreen Emory, Althea McCoy, Hazel Parry, Mary Powell, Cherry MacGregor, Ruth Harris, Noreen Emory and Mary Hansen. The last ten are attending McGill, as are Marilyn Hogarth, and Jane Hill. Helen Gilmour Kydd also attended.

Jean Plaunt and Joan Marlow are at the University of British Columbia, Joan Frankel is at the University of Washington, St Louis and Joyce Frankel chose to go to Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Dorothy Jennings is attending the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy, Helen Ingersoll is at Carson Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn., and Cynthia Maxwell will eventually graduate from Wells. Marjorie Archibald is at Dalhousie and Elaine Goodeve, Margaret Hockin and Brenda Bruce are students at the University of Western Ontario, from which college Elizabeth Prudham will graduate this May. Grace Cawthra and Lois Landreth are at McMaster.

The following have just completed their first year at the University of Toronto:—Mary and Dorothy Robinette, Joan Peat, Mary Ritchie, Nancy Charles, Margaret McKelvey, Virginia Tory, Nancy Trees, Mary Alice Burton and Ann Woodrow. Ruth Alison was in first year, pre-medical. Penelope Waldie is taking a librarian's course at this university and Elizabeth Blackstock is a candidate in the course of art as applied to medicine. Those graduating include, Thelma Kerr, Jocelyn Hodge, Sheila MacQueen, Jean Seifert, Betty Sherman, Jean Sieveright, Elizabeth Falconer, Marion Cosford, and Alice Cochrane. Dorothy Mansell is registered in the Physiotherapy course and Brigit Gregson is at the school of Physical and Health Education. Orde Skeeles, who is in

her second year in this course, won a scholarship last year. Audrey Joy Lyons, who was a Wren during the war years, is taking post graduate work in psychology at Toronto University.

Elizabeth Capener is at London University taking medicine and Margaret is at Exeter in the science course. Brigid Hayden entered Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford on a scholarship. Rachael Rutter is in Lyons, France, studying French and taking a course in Domestic Science.



A Sewing Group of the Alumnae

Sybilla Johnson passed the first year at the Ontario College of Art with honours and won a prize. Joan Chalmers was also successful in passing in this same class.

Muriel Sinclair is nursing in a naval hospital at Wilhelmshaven, Germany and Ruth Becker Hughes is a chemist with UNRAA in China. Helen Senneck is with this same organization in Washington in which city Gwen De Mont is a secretary at the British Embassy. Irma Brock

Marik is also in the United States capital. Her husband is at the Hungarian Legation. Irma spent most of the war years in Hungary and was in Buda Pesth during the terrible seven weeks siege when that city was practically destroyed.

Margaret Kroehle spent the winter in Dachau, Germany with the American Red Cross, she is captain of her group. An article written by her, about the change in Dachau conditions since the allied occupation, was printed in a number of newspapers throughout the United States. Louise Stewart was in the nursing service of the American navy during the war, she is now at college in the States for further study. Margaret Baker Du Bois is assistant director of the Medical College of Virginia.

Miriam Perry graduated last June from St. Joseph's Hospital and Maisie Mehlenbacher is a nurse in training at the Hamilton General Hospital. Mary Kinnear is a dental nurse, and Patricia Gundy is in a doctor's office in the Medical Arts. Nancy Watson has a position in the Military Hospital, Quebec City. Lois Sutton is a laboratory technician at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. Sheila McCloughry is in training in the radiography department of the Middlesex Hospital, England, and Elizabeth Busk is doing radio work at a Signals Research Depot in Great Britain. Helen Allan is an occupational therapist in a Vancouver Hospital.

Bessie Storey Cole is living in Mexico City. Zillah Caudwell MacFarlane, Anne Wilks McGuire, Jane Ross Webster, Shurley Dickson, Helen Sutherland and Nancy Stirrett Renison are to be found in Montreal. Joan Romeyn Birnie and Barbara Powis Michell are living in Beloeil, P. Q. Carol Hendry Duffus is at home in Halifax and Patricia Whittall Weeks in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Phyllis Becker is at present in Toronto with the Red Cross. Dorothy Pattison Forsythe and Grace Bone Collinson have joined the Ottawa Alumnae. Jean Lander Dick is in Sudbury, Mary Percy Wunker in Miners' Bay and Barbara Wheelwright Gibson in Regan, Ont. Nancy Sparks Blower has moved to Streetsville. Alberta Lehmann Doan and Virginia Lee Prince are living in Winnipeg. Helen Plaunt Vollans is at home in Orillia and Lillian Kribs Mackenzie is now in Walkerton. Marion McLaren Armstrong has left Montreal to live in Oakville. Dorothy Apedaile Wyllie may be addressed Corner Brook, Newfoundland. The following are living in British Columbia:—Donna Tisdall Selkirk on Savoury Island, Marion Armitage Corless, Prince George, Mary Bankier Angas, Victoria and Ruth Running Tarbox, Vancouver.

In Connecticut, are Barbara Martin Bensen in New Canaan and Mary Harrison Barnett in New Haven. Charlotte Deacon Alley lives in Brooklyn, N.Y., and Barbara Rawlinson Holwell in Springfield, Mass. Janet Garfield Brown is in Church Falls, Va. Cynthia Gooding is in New York where she has an interesting radio job with WOV.

Margaret Eaton Dunn sailed in November for England where she will make her home in the capital. In that same month Katharine Whitehead Lamprey flew to Great Britain to join her husband in Swansea, Wales. Helen Anderson Magnusson is in Petia, Sweden, within the Arctic Circle. Sally Morton Monceaux came from Trinidad to spend the winter in Toronto.

Friends of Kathleen Hinch will be glad to know that her parents, who were interned in Singapore and Sumatra respectively, survived their ordeal. Mr. and Mrs. Hinch spent part of the winter in Toronto and sailed for Singapore in May.

Laura Aitken Ramsay's son is Head Boy at Eton.

Jean Stirling is teaching gymnasium at The Central High School of Commerce, Toronto, while Nancy Fairley is at the Hamilton Y.W.C.A. Helen Hawks has a position in a nursery school. Dorothy Hoyle is associate director of "Gay Venture," a camp for girls and young boys situated at Lochlin, Ont. Mary Jean Hall is studying dress designing.

Norma Whelan Coleman was recently elected vice-president of the Toronto branch of the Red Cross Society, and Jessie Wright Evans' appointment as Commandant of the re-organized general detachment, Toronto branch, Canadian Red Cross Corps, was confirmed in March.

Ethel Wadge Maclellan came from Fort William, last June to attend the Annual Meeting of the Girl Guide Association held in Toronto. Leonore Kinghorn was in Montreal in March representing the Beta Chapter at the anniversary banquet and dance of Alpha Omicron Pi Fraternity, McGill University.

Grace Despard Grant and Diana Spencer figured in the New Year Honours' list, the former being awarded the M.B.E. and the latter, a Wren, was commended.

Mizpah Sussex Lithgow spent some weeks in California this winter, and Margaret Trott Pope and Marilyn Heintzman visited this same state in April.

Lorraine Whalen, who is studying vocal in New York, made her first Town Hall appearance, April 27th, 1946. Portia Butt's contralto voice won second place in the division in which she competed at the Kiwanis Music Festival held in February. Aleen Erb Goetchius is on the board of the Washington (D.C.) National Symphony Orchestra. Jane Anne Rees took a leading part in the play "Tobias and the Angel," which the Community Players produced in February. Lulu Colquhoun Bray who lives in San Francisco is writing under the pen name of Louise Kenton Bray.

Margaret Wilkinson spoke to the girls now at the school about the work of Bolton Camp.

Shirley Halsted was with the Ice Follies of 1946 which came to the Maple Leaf Gardens in February. She and another girl did a "pair". One newspaper critic said:—"In personal beauty, in speed, smoothness and grace these young skating stars skim through one of the most brilliant pair numbers in the show." Shirley appeared also in two other numbers. Rosemary McDonald was presented with several prizes at the Skating Club in March, she is Junior Singles Ladies' Champion.

Helen Borrett, Mary Jean Hall, Mary Percy Wunker, Helen Turner, Irma Brock Marik, Phyllis West Sutherland and Frances Chase are latest additions to the Life Membership List of the Alumnae Association.

In the residence are the daughters of Madeleine Rogers Peers, Alison Bristol Vipond, Helen McAulay Wright, Beatrice Smith Donald Marion Stodart Smith, Trembeth Luke Doty, Evelyn Hearst Gilley, Audrey Hewitt Massey, Helen Hall Russell and Kathleen Cahill Bankier. In the day school are the children of Dorothy Rason Lyon and Gertrude McQuigge Thom, and a kinswoman and kinsman of Miss Scott's.

The following out of town "Old Girls" visited the school, Agnes Campbell Heslip, Irlma Kennedy Jackson, Catherine Davison Rooke, Margaret Speers Murchison, Peggy Hodge Hand, Jean Campbell, Janet Brown Rumble, Betty Smith Tiller, Helen Jarvis Anderson, Hazel Wilkinson Flavelle, Charlotte Ward Hardyment, Margaret Morton Lightbourn, Elaine Goodeve and Mary Lou Glenn.

Marriages

1945

- Marion Armitage to John D. Corless, May 5th.
Gwynneth Sinclair to Charles Wm. Powell, May 12th.
Ann Irwin to Robert W. Varcoe, May 26th.
Thoedosia Burr Pitman to James Schnepf, June 2nd.
Kathleen Burroughs to John E. Gullede, June 8th.
Charlotte Deacon to John L. Alley, June 9th.
Patricia Hobbs to John M. Dyke, June 9th.
Ruth Stevens to John P. MacBeth, June 16th.
Helen Shearme to William G. Kerr, June 16th.
Mary Harrison to Thos. A. M. Barnett, June 19th.
Kathleen Woodcock to Wm. Herbert Swetman, June.
Lillian Mitchell to Robert Wm. Blair, June.
Aileene Marks to Maurice J. Clausen, June.
Christine Pearse to Gordon Mac C. Karn, June 30th.
Mary Bankier to Ian Angus, June 30th.
Brenda Cruikshank to George Reid, July 5th.
Nancy Pattison to Ian Lorne Campbell, July 17th.
Katharine Whitehead Harris to Glyn Lamprey, July 19th.
Eleanor Lyle to Charles R. Somerville, July 24th.
Barbara Wheelwright to Thomas Gibson, July 31st.
Carol Hendry to Allan F. Duffus, August 3rd.
Lois Fleming to Jack F. Hastings, August 4th.
Frances Butterfield to William C. Price, August 10th.
Margaret Drew to H. Campbell Graham, August.
Margaret Muir to David W. Kennard, August 25th.
Anne Wilks to Thos. Claude McGuire, August 30th.

Gwen Norman to John N. Poyser, September 15th.
Marjorie Uglow to W. F. Kinnear.
Margaret Grafton to John G. Ross, September 22nd.
Helen McCormick to Thos. C. Gordon, October 6th.
Margaret Eaton to J. Hubert Dunn, October 13th.
Helen Plaunt to Morris H. Vollans, October 20th.
Frances Tresidder to John M. Read, November 1st.
Stella McEvoy to Leslie Olivere, November 1st.
Sarah Lee Moxley to Wm. Jas. Francis, November 10th.
Phyllis Wright Watson to Alan J. Cullen, November 17th.
Jane Ross to Donald Webster, November 24th.
Nancy Stirrett to Geo. E. B. Renison, December 15th.
Katharine Kemp to Michael R. Tidy, December 15th.
Peggy Phair to Wm. Walter Drinkwater, December 15th.
Elizabeth Matchett to John G. McClelland, December 15th.
Mary Shields to Wm. John Shields, December 19th.

1946

Barbara Martin to Albert Van V. Benson, January 12th.
Elizabeth Henry Dunn to John Chas. Boyer, January 12th.
Barbara Rawlinson to Chas. Wm. Holwell, February 9th.
Joy Ferguson to John G. Housser, February 16th.
Georgina Sylvester Ellis to William J. J. Butler, February 18th.
Ruth Running to John Wm. Tarbox, March 11th.
Barbara Conway to John P. S. Mills, March 16th.
Haldane Goodeve to Chas. Douglas Hutchins, March 23rd.
Barbara Kennedy to Roy P. Pennington, March 23rd.
June McBride to Keith D. McCord, April 6th.
Diana Spencer to Kenneth L. Dyer, April 17th.
Marnie Milner to David Jas. Kerrigan, April 20th.
Johanne Lockhart to John C. L. Annesley, April 20th.
Dorothy Caley to Arthur O. Klein, April 20th.
Mary Kingsmill to Peter W. Spragge, April 24th.
Margaret Earl to Andrew A. Wedd, April 27th.
Gwendolyn Plant to Frederick A. Hambley, May 4th.

Births

1945

Peggy Moseley Robertson, a daughter, March 19th.
Helene Pattison Boulton, a daughter, April 1st.
Helen Laing Spinks, a daughter, April.
Virginia Lee Prince, a daughter, April 26th.
Margaret Beck Margeson, twin daughters, May 7th.
Florence Downing Fleury, a daughter, May 9th.
Katherine Dawson Warren, a son, May 11th.
Sylvia Cayley Crothwait, a son, May 13th.
Sylvia Greenshields Blakeley, a son, May 15th.
Grace Innes Plaxton, a daughter, May 18th.
Joyce Caudwell Stewart, a daughter, May 17th.
Jean McCormick Vanstone, a daughter, June 1st.
Gwen Millar Berry, a son, June 1st.
Margaret Mickle Allan, a son, June 1st.
Nora Brown Kellam, a son, June 2nd.
Jean McIntosh Tamblyn, a son, June 6th.
Barbara Powis Michell, a son.
Peggy Marshall Buchannan, a son, June 12th.
Helen Hunter McQuigge, a son, June 14th.
Gretchen Heyd Hancock, a daughter, June 23rd.
Mary Gooderham Mathes, a daughter, June 24th. .
Jean McIntosh Swinden, a daughter, June 24th.
Jean Sutherland Boyd, a daughter June 24th.
Janet Davidson Omand, a daughter, July 9th.
Jean Nathanson Levin, a daughter, July 9th.
Arnold Gooderham Willoughby, twin sons, July 31st.
Katharine Scott West, a daughter, August 7th.
Joan Hutchinson Morcom, a daughter, August 10th.
Helen Conway O'Conner, a daughter, August 10th.
Kathleen Wilson Leslie, a daughter, August 11th.
Beatrice Johnston Lewis, a daughter, August 11th.
Kathleen Rowe Anderson, a son.
Nancy Dibblee McLean, a son, August 15th.
Suzanne Sweatman McNeillie, a daughter, August 21st.
Susan Davis Hunt, a daughter.
Edith Merrill Sheppard, a daughter, September 15th.
Helen Hendry Creighton, a son, September 18th.
Gertrude McQuigge Thom, a daughter, September 20th.
Lillice Read Le Roy, a son, September 26th.
Frances Tilton Pattison, a daughter, September 28th.

Jean Lander Dick, a son, October 5th.
Lois Rapley Floud, a daughter, October 15th.
Grace Wheelwright Keefe, a daughter, October 17th.
Shirley Ross Goldsmith, a daughter, November 1st.
Marion Lumbers Gibson, a son, November 8th.
Margery Crawford Spratt, a son, November 10th.
Wilma Bate Smith, a son, November 18th.
Jacqueline Northway Ashdown, a son, December 10th.
Elizabeth Alport Baby, a daughter, December 13th.
Mary Holme Stewart, a son, December 15th.
Barbara Ann Boland Hynes, a son, December 15th.
Helen Spencer Hughes, a daughter, December 21st.
Gwynneth Sinclair Powell, a son, December 24th.

1946

Florence Fraser Drew Smith, a son, January 11th.
Margaret Sorenson Rayner, a daughter, January 15th.
Daphne Mitchell Savage, a daughter, January 23rd.
Betty Earl Groff, a son, January 23rd.
Constance Pringle Wright, a son, January 23rd.
Dorothy Clark Robb, twin daughters, January 27th.
Marjorie Apedaile Jack, a daughter, January 30th.
Leone Comstock Northup, a son, February 11th.
Mary Morley Anderson, a son, February 26th.
Helen Holmes Gadban, a son, March 4th.
Amy McLean Stewart, a son, March 6th.
Kathleen Burroughs Gullledge, a daughter, March 7th.
Mary Clare Moss, a daughter, March 8th.
Helen Shearme Kerr, a son, March 8th.
Cathleen Clark Hooper, a daughter, March 10th.
Patricia Whittall Weeks, a daughter, March 22nd.
Neva Jones Watson, a son, March 30th.
Elaine Enderby Fallows, a son, April 1st.
Betty Flavelle Love, a son, April 5th.
Dorothy Hewetson Leonard a daughter, April 8th.
Marion O'Hara Crysdale, a son, April 30th.

Deaths

1945

Beverley, daughter of Betty Rutherford Ward, June 19th.

Son of Jane Ryan McDonald, July 8th.

Frederick S. L. Lane, husband of Esther Eddis Lane and father of Eleanor Lane Adams, August 28th.

1946

Frederick Baker, husband of Nancy Macleod Baker, January 15th.

Alex. Bell Thomson, husband of Frances Wiser Thomson, February 28th.

STAFF

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. K. D. C. Haley (Miss Charlotte Coombs), a son, May 28th, 1945

To Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Chipman (Miss Betty de Witt), a son, July 1945.

To Mr. Justice and Mrs. Keiller Mackay (Miss Katharine Macleod) a son, December 20th, 1945.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Kennedy (Miss Winifred McEvoy), a son, January 21st., 1946.

In Memoriam

Jean Stark Trees, August 7th, 1945.

Dora Adams Hare, September 13th, 1945.

Millicent Boyd Robson, October 4th, 1945.

Lois Howard Armstrong, February 11th, 1946.

Joan Knowles, April 17th, 1946.

Jean Morton, May 5th, 1946.

Autographs - -



Mary Barnes

COLLEGIATE CLUB '46



Simpson's

Autographs - -

Neilson's



The Quality Chocolate

Autographs - -

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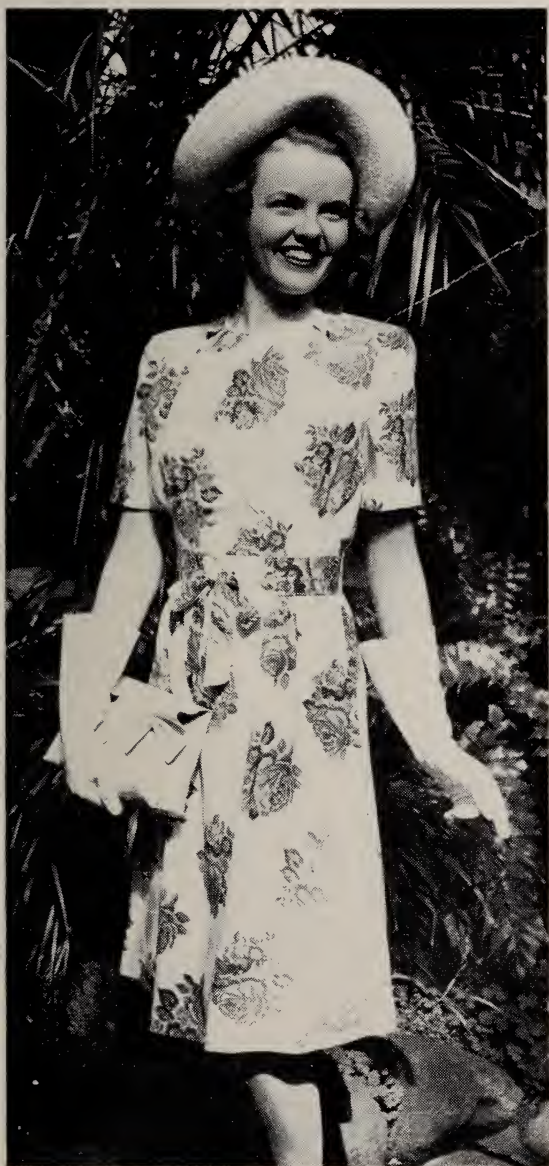
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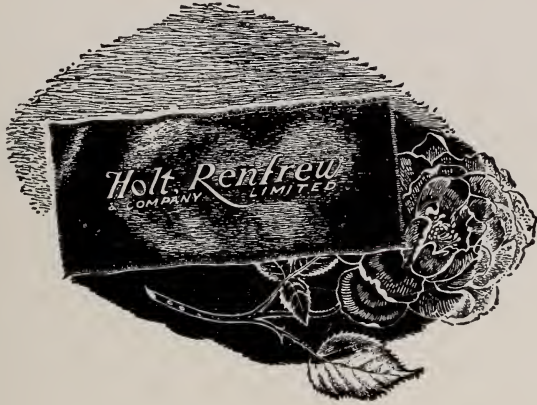
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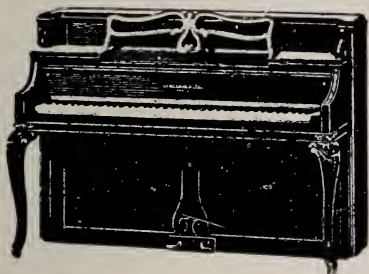
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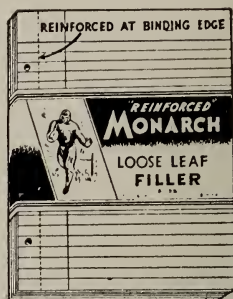
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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	PAGE		PAGE
A		L	
Nadine Angstrom	103	S. Lightfoot & Son, Ltd.	108
B		S. E. Lyons Limited	96
Bank of Nova Scotia.....	86	M	
Baker-Ashdown, Ltd.	92	Maccoomb Publishing Co.	90
Birks-Ellis-Ryrie	95	Helen Miller's Beauty Salon.....	107
Borden's	88	Harry T. Munro	105
W. H. Bosley Co.....	94	Mutual Life of Canada	91
British-American Oil Co. Ltd.....	89	N	
C		William Neilson, Ltd.	83
Carnahan's	98	John Northway & Sons, Ltd.....	87
Mrs. Chambers	106	P	
Clifton Ltd.	96	Pitman Shorthand	102
Club Coffee Co.	106	Q	
George Coles Ltd.	109	Queensdale Tea Room	99
Commercial Life	102	R	
Coolings	102	George Rathbone Lumber C., Ltd.	104
Copp Clark Co., Ltd.	109	Robertson Bros., Ltd.	105
Compliments of a Friend.....	101	B. A. Robinson	108
Camp for Jack and Jill.....	107	Roher's Book Shop	104
Camp Gay Venture	109	S	
D		St. Andrew's College	95
F. H. Deacon & Co.	109	Robert Simpson Co., Ltd.	81
E. F. DeFoe	108	Shaw Business Schools	97
Dominion Bank	93	A. M. Shook & Co.....	105
Dominion of Canada General Insurance Co.	97	Skitch Clothes	106
E		T	
T. Eaton Co.(Inside Back Cover)		G. Tamblyn Ltd.....	103
Evangeline Shops	94	U	
G		Uptown Nut House	110
W. J. Gage & Co., Ltd.....	102	V	
Gift and Toy Shop	107	Varsity Arena	103
S. Godfrey	104	W	
H		Whitewood's Riding School	100
Hamilton Bros.	100	Wright's Meat Market	106
Geo. R. Hargraft & Co.	106	Whyte's Packing Co., Ltd.....	99
Heintzman Pianos & Co.....	101	Winona Flowers	107
Holt Renfrew & Co., Ltd.....	93	Wonder Bakeries	98
George M. Hendry Co., Ltd.....	104	<hr/>	
Hooper's Drug Store	105	When you shop at these stores tell them	
Harmony Grill	110	that you saw their advertisements in	
I		"The Branksome Slogan."	
Imperial Oil Limited	85	<hr/>	
Interesting Jewelry Shop.....	103		
K			
Kents, Ltd.	101		

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